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## REVIEWS.

*Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, with Original Letters and Documents.* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. Bentley.

BESIDES the compliment paid to Lord Albemarle as a new peer, there was a peculiar fitness in the present ministry intrusting the moving of the address at the opening of Parliament to the author of the work before us. Representative of the family and inheritor of the principles of the Marquis of Rockingham, he appears at an opportune moment as the biographer of that statesman, the founder of the modern Whig party, to whom Burke, Savile, Cavendish, Charles J. Fox, and all the rising Liberals of the time, looked up as their pattern and their chief. Of the political bearings of the present work it is not for us to treat; but we hail it with pleasure as an important contribution to English biography and history.

We are becoming rich now in materials for the history of the early part of the reign of George the Third. Of the 'Grenville Papers' we have lately had occasion to speak. In the Bedford and Chatham Correspondence the principles and proceedings of two great sections of the Whig party have been unfolded. Of the policy of another section of that party, of which the Marquis of Rockingham became the leader, a full exposition is now given. Lord Albemarle has arranged the papers and letters of Lord Rockingham and his correspondents, and connected them by an historical commentary of his own, "endeavouring thereby to restore a portion of their contemporary interest." This part of the work is judiciously and ably done, the editor entering fully into the spirit of the times, and of the party which in this work finds an exponent. In the letters there is no great accession of historical facts; but they are valuable as illustrating the political principles, and exhibiting the personal characters of some of the leading men of that time.

Of the political character and principles of George III., the 'Rockingham Memoirs,' as well as the 'Grenville Papers,' and all the documents of that period, give a most unfavourable idea. His prejudice and bigotry, his obstinacy and impatience of contradiction, are well known. But it is only since the publication of so many of these private papers that it is seen how systematic was his 'kingcraft,' and how unworthy the means by which often he sought to carry out his plans. The very first day of his reign—his first act indeed when he knew he was king, was significant of the trickery and finesse which was to mark his political life:—

"Early on the 26th of October, 1760, his grandfather, George the Second, had risen apparently in his usual health. At half-past seven of the same morning he had ceased to breathe. His death took the nation, but not his successor, by surprise. 'The Princess Amelia,' says Walpole, 'as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales, but he had already been apprized of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German *valet de chambre*, with a private mark agreed upon between them. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting, he said to the groom, 'I have said this horse was lame, I forbid you to say to the contrary.'"

From Kew the King went to Carlton House, which then belonged to the Princess Dowager. Here he first met his ministers. In a letter from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, an account is given of the way in which His Majesty 'played off' one minister against the other. As he commenced, so he carried on his crafty policy with every successive ministry, striving to raise the prerogative of the Crown. On the first general election after his accession, the issuing of writs was purposely delayed, in order that seats might better be secured for the King's personal adherents, and he proposed a list of his own for the government boroughs. He gradually formed that political party of which Macaulay, in his life of Chatham, gives a lively account:—

"These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or of aversion. \* \* \* These people were never high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labour, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry."

On one occasion, when Rockingham was hard pressed by the opposition, no fewer than twelve of 'the King's friends,' all placemen, voted against the government. The King pretended to be very angry, but made shuffling excuses, and avoided interfering. It was common for him to give one set of instructions to his responsible ministers, and to convey to his parasites private intimations to oppose the cabinet. It was also a favourite scheme, the moment an administration was formed, to open negotiations with some of the chiefs of the opposition, in order thereby, it was hoped, to secure greater subserviency in those in office to the Crown. The Rockingham Memoirs prove how thorough was the royal duplicity:—

"As the reader proceeds, he will find the royal letters most gracious, the royal conduct most disingenuous. He will perceive that the King authorised his ministers to contradict rumours which himself had circulated, and that the 'King's friends' were busily employed in refuting the official statements of the cabinet. Had George III. possessed common sincerity, Lord Rockingham's efforts to preserve the American colonies would probably have been effectual."

The young King's conduct was only what might have been expected from the training he had received under the Princess Dowager, his mother, and Lord Bute. During the long ascendancy of the Whigs in the reign of George II., when opposition in the House was feeble, and open hostility to Walpole hopeless, the plots and intrigues of Leicester House were undermining the power of the Government. Walpole's personal treatment of many of the leading men drove them into opposition, and they were soon picked up by the friends of Frederick, Prince of Wales. A court party was gradually formed, prepared to support the influence of the Crown to an extent unknown since the Revolution of 1688. Bolingbroke, in the 'Craftsman,' and the 'Idea of a Patriot King,' had pointed out how regal influence might be wielded in the state. In his old age, long after his retirement from

public life, he lived at Battersea, and thither the opposition statesmen resorted to obtain his secret counsel and instruction. After the death of the heir-apparent, the Princess Dowager continued to instil principles of arbitrary government into the mind of her son. "Be King, George," she used to say; her ideas, derived from the absolutism of a petty German state, confirming the more studied schemes of his English and Scotch directors. The result of all this was that George III. succeeded to the throne quite prepared, *vi et arte*, to contend for the royal prerogative, and he acted, as far as he dared, more in the spirit of the House of Stuart than that of Brunswick.

Of most of the distinguished statesmen of England at the accession of George III. Lord Albemarle has given original and often striking portraits. Pitt, Bute, Temple, George Grenville, Hardwicke, Bedford, Newcastle, the Duke of Cumberland, Conway, and others, appear in the first volume, to which we confine the present notice. One of the most pleasing pictures is that of Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke. That of the Duke of Newcastle is one of the most skilfully drawn:—

"Forty-six years of public service have procured for the Duke of Newcastle notoriety rather than reputation. Few portraits, indeed, have been sketched by so many unfriendly hands. Smollett, King, Glover, Chesterfield, Walpole, Waldegrave, Dodington, have each assailed him in turn. He was, in fact, the butt against which contemporary ridicule levelled all its shafts. That he was fretful, busy, intriguing, unmethodical, and self-sufficient; that his demeanour lacked dignity, and that he mistook expedients for principles, cannot be denied; indeed his numerous unpublished letters, to which I have had access, rather corroborate than weaken the fidelity with which these traits have been delineated. But his contemporaries would see only the superficial and ridiculous points of Newcastle's character. They would not do justice to his many sterling good qualities. He was courteous, affable, accessible, humane, a warm friend, a placable enemy. His talents were not sufficiently appreciated. They were far above mediocrity. It was his want of method that made them not more generally available. He both spoke and wrote with ability and readiness. Upon his private life rested no stain, and in an age of political immorality he was one of the most personally disinterested men of his day. He understood clearly our relations with the continental states. His views of civil and religious freedom were in advance of his age, and he acted on them whenever his fears, his jealousies, or his ambition—a most comprehensive exception indeed—permitted his opinions to affect his conduct. His faults were obvious; he clung indecorously to place and power. But it does not appear that either its emoluments or even honours were the real attractions of office."

The estimate of William Pitt, Lord Chatham, is on the whole fairly given. Of his eloquence it is said that he was "at once the Cicero and the Roscius of his age, a great orator, and a consummate actor." As belonging to a party, he was more formidable to his opponents than faithful or useful to his friends. To his sovereign he was alternately rude and subservient. As a member of the cabinet, he was incredibly haughty, impracticable, and even obstructive to his colleagues.

"He shone principally as a war minister. His talent for conducting military operations blinded him to the disastrous effects of war to his own country and to mankind. Of social improvements, or financial skill, he exhibited no proofs. He rendered his country glorious rather than prosperous; and he bequeathed to his successors the dangerous



rather than the salutary precedent of preferring 'arms to the crown.' \* \* \* The letters interspersed in this work will show the strong and various inconsistencies of this powerful rather than great statesman."

Of all the statesmen of that time Rockingham is the one whose character grows in our esteem the more closely it is viewed and the better it is known. Selfishness, or party spirit, or love of power, too much influenced the conduct of most public men. Even Chatham, we find, was not a model of patriotism; the glory of his country, not the love of it, was his ruling idea. When, by throwing his influence into the administration of Lord Rockingham, he could have secured a powerful and popular government, and saved England from many disasters, he suffered himself to be seduced by the flatteries of the Court; and on various occasions his notions of personal consequence prevented his acting for the public good. Of the disinterested and patriotic spirit of Rockingham history speaks with unqualified praise. To his memory a monument was erected by his nephew, the late Lord Fitzwilliam, in Wentworth Park, and on the pedestal of the statue there is an inscription by Burke, in which his character is happily described:—

"CHARLES, MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM,

"A man worthy to be held in remembrance, because he did not live for himself. His abilities, industry, and influence, were employed without interruption, to the last hour of his life, to give stability to the liberties of his country, security to its landed property, increase to its commerce, independence to its public councils, and concord to its empire. These were his ends. For the attainment of these ends, his policy consisted in sincerity, fidelity, directness, and constancy. His virtues were his arts. \* \* \* The virtues of his private life, and those which he exerted in the service of the state, were not in him separate principles. His private virtues, without any change in their character, expanded with the occasion into enlarged public affections. The very same tender, benevolent, feeling, liberal mind, which in the internal relations of life conciliated the genuine love of those who see men as they are, rendered him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the cause of freedom, not because he was haughty and intractable, but because he was beneficent and humane. A sober, unaffected, unassuming piety, the basis of all sure morality, gave truth and permanence to his virtues."

Of the new Whig party, that which arose after the dispersion of the corrupt legions of Walpole, and who neither courted the Duke of Bedford for place nor Newcastle for power, the Marquis of Rockingham was the acknowledged leader:—

"Eighteen years the leader of a party, and twice summoned to the councils of his reluctant sovereign, Lord Rockingham holds a prominent station in the reign of George the Third. Nor can it be objected to him that the fidelity of his adherence was secured by the ordinary ties of faction or interest. Faith to their leader was, to the Whigs, a virtual renunciation of all those rewards which a chief magistrate has it in his power to bestow. Their adherence was the loyalty of respect and affection, not the casual allegiance of a cabal. It stood the test of long discouragement. It survived the severer trial of a brief official prosperity. The causes of the attachment of his followers must be sought in the character of the leader himself. Lord Rockingham possessed by nature a calm mind and a clear intellect, a warm benevolent heart, of which amiable and conciliatory manners were the index. He was imbued with sound views of the principles of the constitution, and with a firm resolution to make those principles the guide of his actions. If eloquence were the sole criterion of a

great leader or a great minister, Rockingham would have but small claims to such a title. The malady which consigned him to the tomb, when he was little more than fifty years of age, had imparted to his frame a sensibility of nerve which only extraordinary occasions enabled him to overcome. He was a hesitating and an inelegant debater. His speeches, like those of the late Lord Althorp, commanded attention, not from the enthusiasm aroused by the persuasive arguments of the orator, but from the confidence placed in the thorough integrity and practical good sense of the man. He stood in a similar relation to a great minister—to a Fox, a Grey, or a Russell—which an able chamber-counsel bears to an Erskine. He lacked the outward graces. He possessed the inward power. If success in public measures be a test of ability, Rockingham stood pre-eminent. In no one year between the Revolution and the Reform Bill were so many immunities gained for the people, or, more properly speaking, so many breaches in the constitution repaired, as in what was contemptuously called his 'lustrous administration;' and all too in the face of one of the ablest and most unscrupulous oppositions, of which the King himself was the head."

When Rockingham was unceremoniously dismissed, it was with the regret of all truly patriotic men, who saw in him the most virtuous and consistent statesman of the time, and found his administration, if not the most brilliant, the most safe and beneficial which the country had for long enjoyed. He was the first minister, for half a century, who had managed the country without corruption; and for the advantage neither of himself nor his friends did he ever use his power:—

"During his first brief administration he won for himself an honourable fame, which he kept pure to the last. He had, in spite of difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, removed great abuses and averted a civil war. Sixteen years later, in a dark and terrible day, he was again called upon to save the state, brought to the very brink of ruin by the same perfidy and obstinacy which had embarrassed, and at length overthrown his first administration."

On the 18th of March, 1766, the repeal of the Stamp Act received the royal assent—"an event," says Burke, "that caused more universal joy throughout the British dominions than perhaps any other that can be remembered." On the 23rd of April a grand banquet was given in the city in celebration of the event. Nine dukes and many others of the nobility were present. Rockingham's popularity at this moment was great; but the jealousy of Pitt, the intrigues of Bute, and the King's dislike of so sincere a patriot, rendered his position precarious, and about two months after he was out of office. But before laying down his power he succeeded in rectifying some of the other evils of previous misrule. Against the practice of dismissing naval and military officers on account of their votes in the House, he entered such an indignant protest that never since, openly at least, has political opinion been made a hindrance to public service. He also repealed the act by which, on general warrants, the persons and the papers of those suspected of political offences could be seized. Although he had not time to carry other measures, he had left a noble testimony, and given a powerful impulse, to the principles of just and free government.

Of some of the foreign ambassadors and envoys at the English court there are curious notices. Louis Jules Barbon, Duke de Nivernois, or Duke Nevernew, as the London mob called him, was sent to St. James's to negotiate the peace in 1762. He was the French represen-

tative of the ancient house of Mancini, a Peer of France, a Grandee of Spain, a Roman Baron, and a Prince of Empire. Few excelled him as a linguist, and in light literature, both prose and verse, he was distinguished. He was remarkable for the plainness of his person, and the pleasantness of his manners. Chesterfield held him up as the pattern of politeness. He was the meagre Frenchman of Hogarth's pictures and Smollett's novels. On his landing at Dover, a sailor, who had been a prisoner in France, pointed him out to the crowd as the fattest Frenchman he had ever seen. At the time of the French Revolution he was stripped of his wealth and titles, and thrown into prison. The Abbé Barthélemy at that time said, "M. de Nivernois n'est plus Duc à la cour, mais il l'est encore au Parnasse." The ex-Duke, now Citizen Mancini, survived the 'Reign of Terror,' and died in 1798, at the age of eighty-two.

The Count de Viri, the Sardinian minister at London, was another remarkable character. He was a native of Savoy, and had originally been a monk. With Lord Bute he was on most intimate terms: "Indeed," says Lord Albemarle, "the love of intrigue and mystery of the wily Savoyard found a responsive feeling in the breast of the favourite." The secrecy with which he managed political affairs was displayed in the most trifling concerns. He once was under a surgeon for a wound in one of his legs, and an accident happening to the other leg, he put that under the care of another surgeon, that it might not be known he had hurts on both legs at the same time. When he died, his secretary said, in answer to an inquirer, "The Count is dead, but he does not wish it to be known;" and the King of Sardinia, when he heard of his death, said, "He would have made a mystery of it if he could."

Of the Duke de Choiseul's ability and influence we have a striking glimpse in a letter of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Rockingham, 8th July, 1767:—

"France, as everybody knows, is master of Spain, and these two monarchies are as effectually united as if they were under one head. The Duke de Choiseul, the present sole minister, absolute, able, bold, and enterprising, and I suppose no friend in heart to us. Their army complete to a man, well-officered, well-appointed, and well paid. Their trade flourishing everywhere, and encroaching upon ours, and I am afraid, after what has passed, their credit as stable as ours."

Choiseul was never formally invested with the title of minister, but he was virtually the head of the French cabinet. It was by his influence that the sovereigns of the House of Bourbon formed the 'family compact' against this country. With a war minister less able than Pitt to rouse the spirit and direct the energy of the nation, the Duke of Choiseul would have proved a dangerous enemy to England.

In a letter of Mr. Milbanke to Lord Rockingham, a spirited account is given of 'a scene' in the House, in which Colonel Barré was the chief actor. It was during the debate, in 1761, on the German war, and while the political measures bequeathed from last reign were strongly censured: the chief part of his speech was a fierce personal philippic against Pitt:—

"Barré, in plain words, in one part of his speech, called him 'the most infamous minister that ever England produced.' He attacked his political principles, saying his life had been a series of change and contradiction from beginning to end,



and that after the most violent protestations against Continental and Hanoverian connexion, when he had thrust himself into the ministry, chameleon-like, he took the colour of the ground he stood on. He then ridiculed his figure and action, saying he was amazed to see the gentleman with solemn looks, with eyes uplift to heaven, one hand beating on his breast, and formally contradicting and disowning the principles he had maintained the day before."

Pitt sat writhing with discomfort during this attack, and at length consulting Beckford, got him to call Barré to order for using the King's name in his speech. A side debate then got up on the use of the King's name, and Fox, who evidently with malignant enjoyment had watched how Pitt was worried, declared that there had been nothing irregular, and "hallooed on Barré again, who got up with the same intrepidity, and concluded without varying his style." Pitt thought it prudent to make no reply, but feigning levity, he asked Beckford pretty loud if he knew "how far the scalping Indians threw their tomahawks?" His allusion was to Barré's service in the Canadian war, from which he had brought savage manners as well as military renown. He was beside Wolfe when he fell on the heights of Abraham, and is represented in the group of officers around the dying general in West's picture. His virulence against Pitt is supposed to have arisen from the neglect of an application for promotion. In politics he soon took a prominent part, his chief associate being Lord Shelburne, along with whom he has by some been charged with the authorship of 'Junius.' This scene with Pitt was his first appearance in the House, and Horace Walpole also refers to it in his own graphic way:—

"My ear was struck with sounds I had been little accustomed to of late—virulent abuse on the last reign—and from a voice unknown to me. I turned and saw a face equally new; a black robust man, of a military figure, rather hard-favoured than not, young, with peculiar distortion on one side of his face, which, it seems, was a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, and which gave a savage glare to one eye. What I less expected, from his appearance, was very classic and elegant diction, and as determined boldness as if accustomed to harangue in that place."

Having referred to Barré's name in connexion with 'Junius,' it may be well to insert here a paragraph, in which Lord Albemarle speaks of the argument in the 'Quarterly Review,' of which we gave a summary the week before last (p. 87). As a new phase of that controversy seems to have commenced, it is interesting to have the independent views of those whose opinions are entitled to consideration:—

"It had been my intention to offer some observations upon the still *revata questio* of the authorship of Junius, but having been given to understand that an article in the December Number of the 'Quarterly Review' would appear on the subject, and that a similar line of argument with my own would be adopted, I tore up my notes. While, however, my printers are waiting for 'more copy,' the Review in question has been placed in my hands. I there see that the authorship is given to Lord Lyttelton, of ghost notoriety. In assigning the letters to a member of the Grenville family, the opinions of the writer are thus far identical with my own. Perhaps when I have perused more carefully the article in the Quarterly, I may change my opinion; but, at present, I am unwilling to consider these letters as the work of an individual. In the early editions of Junius, the frontispiece represents bees hovering round a hive. Underneath are the words, 'Nos numerus sumus,' a motto, intending (and, as I conceive, with truth) to imply, that

more than one person was concerned in the production. According to my hypothesis, George Grenville was not the author, but the originator of the Junius letters; that he employed Mr. Charles Lloyd, his former private secretary, to convey the materials for the work to Mr., afterwards Sir Philip Francis, who dressed them up in his own language; and that, after Mr. Grenville's death, Lord Temple continued to supply matter to Francis through the medium of Mr. Lloyd until within seventeen days of the latter gentleman's death. Since that time no letter of Junius ever appeared; a circumstance that may explain George the Third's observation to General Desaguilliers—'We shall hear no more of Junius.'"

In these remarks it will be seen that Lord Albemarle's opinion was formed previous to Lord Lyttelton's name being mentioned, and he had not, before writing, perused the article in which the authorship is ascribed to him.

We reserve the second volume for notice on a future occasion.

*Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Inter-oceanic Canal.* By E. G. Squier. Longman and Co.

MANY causes are combining to give great importance to the States of Central America. Their own fertility and natural advantages, the commerce of the Pacific, and the gold of California, unite to attract the earnest attention of enterprising men and politicians towards them. At the present moment, the appearance of this full and able account of Nicaragua is peculiarly well-timed. The writer of it describes himself as "late *chargé d'affaires* of the United States to the Republics of Central America." His official position has evidently enabled him to get at much information that would otherwise have been inaccessible. His name is well and favourably known to ethnologists and antiquarians by his researches into the history of the aboriginal monuments of the United States, and by his very curious, though somewhat fanciful, essay on 'The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America.' The bias and extent of his studies make him a very competent person to investigate the antiquities of Nicaragua. The chapters devoted to this subject in the work before us are full of interest, and highly to be valued for the abundance of fresh observations they contain. Like many American archaeologists and historians, Mr. Squier is inclined to over-estimate the peculiarities and antiquity of the aborigines of the New World. If we understand rightly, he claims for them an independent origin. His ethnology is of the romantic school, and rather loose. His imagination gets the better of his reasoning, and his 'organ of wonder,' to speak in the manner of phrenologists, is over-developed. His habits of mind and training do not seem to be such as to qualify him for strict scientific research. He is more of the *littérateur* than the philosopher. His writings are, in consequence, very amusing, but require to be dealt with cautiously. The facts must be winnowed from the fancies with which they are mingled, if we wish to use them for scientific purposes.

Imaginative men are usually warm lovers and fierce haters. Our American envoy's appreciation of female charms is so intense that he cannot pass a pretty woman without inscribing a memorandum respecting her in his note-book, afterwards to be printed more at length with additional expressions of admiration. A pair of black eyes cannot sparkle

behind a lattice without being duly recorded. His affection for the ladies is only equalled by his dislike of the 'Britishers.' The handsomest girl and the ugliest idol could scarcely distract his thought from the vices and crimes of England and the English. If he is to be trusted, the whole population of central America regards every Englishman as a bitter enemy. He paints us in the blackest hues, and prophesies the fall of England with undisguised delight. Bluster about Britain is the prominent fault of the book, and one for which the writer will, when he knows more about us, be ashamed of himself. Every day it is becoming more and more the interest of Englishmen and Americans to pull together. Consanguinity and the love of constitutional liberty are strong ties. They may be forgotten for a time, but in the end must work uppermost. Recent events have done much to remind us of our near relationship with our transatlantic cousins, and them of the Anglo-Saxon blood to which they owe their pre-eminence among the nations of the New World. The grasping and interfering qualities that bring down upon us the unmitigated censures of Mr. Squier are quite as prominently manifested in the doings of his countrymen; and whilst in one chapter he censures our meddlings with, and claims upon, the Mosquito shore, in another he anticipates something very like the annexation of all Central America to the United States.

The Mosquito country, about which we have seen of late so many very unsatisfactory paragraphs in our newspapers, is a thinly-populated and most unhealthy tract on the Atlantic sea-board of Central America. It is inhabited by a mixed breed of Indians and Negroes, supposed to be ruled by a semi-civilized individual, who rejoices in the entomological title of King of the Mosquitoes, one by no means inappropriate, considering the amount of small annoyance we have endured through disputes about his territory. He is supposed to be under British protection; it is difficult to understand exactly why. The main purpose we have in view seems to be the securing a proper supply of the peculiar hard woods of this region. Britons at home generally make peace over their mahogany; abroad they seem to pick quarrels over it.

Central America includes an area of 150,000 square miles. Under Spanish dominion it was divided into the provinces of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. These became independent states in 1821, and subsequently united to form the 'Republic of Central America.' They separated again, in 1839, into so many distinct republics. Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador have recently confederated. The entire region of Central America presents very marked and important physical features. These are the great plain, six thousand feet above the sea, upon which stands the city of Guatemala; the high plain forming the centre of Honduras and part of Nicaragua; and the elevated country of Costa Rica. Between the two latter lies the basin of the Nicaraguan Lakes, with broad and undulating verdant slopes broken by steep volcanic cones, and a few ranges of hills along the shores of the Pacific, intermingled with undulating plains. Of the two great lakes, the lesser, Managua, is 156 feet, and the larger, Nicaragua, 128 feet above the Pacific Ocean. The former is fifty or sixty miles in length by thirty-five wide, the latter above a hundred miles long by fifty wide. On or near their western borders are



the chief cities of the country. Enormous isolated volcanic cones rise to the height of from 4000 to 7000 feet in their neighbourhood or on the islands that stud them. Numerous remains of antiquity, ruins of temples, and deserted monolithic idols, give interest to their precincts, whilst the scenery is described as being surpassingly grand and beautiful. The sole outlet is the river San Juan, a magnificent stream flowing from the south-eastern extremity of Lake Nicaragua, for a length of about ninety miles, into the Atlantic. The climate is generally healthy, more especially towards the Pacific side. Nicaragua is inhabited by a population of about 260,000, one-half of which, or more, is composed of mixed breeds, Indians, in great part civilized, coming next in number, then whites, of whom there are about 25,000, and, lastly, some 15,000 Negroes. They live chiefly in towns, and cultivate the soil, which is very productive, and capable of supporting a much larger population. The natural resources of Nicaragua appear to be very great. Sugar, cotton, coffee, indigo, tobacco, rice, and maize, are the chief productions. There is, besides, great mineral wealth. In ancient times the aborigines appear to have occupied considerable cities, and to have attained a civilisation comparable with that of the Mexicans. Indeed, Mr. Squier has proved, by philological and other evidence, that a Mexican colony did exist in Nicaragua at the period of the discovery of the country in the fifteenth century. This had been surmised before, but not clearly made out.

Next week we shall return to this interesting work, and notice the narrative portion.

*The Cape and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa.* By Alfred W. Cole. Bentley.

At the present day, when economists and philanthropists concur to promote emigration as a means of relief from numerous social evils, books of practical information concerning countries desirable to settle in cannot be too warmly welcomed. To the most distant of our colonies, recent metallic discoveries are daily drawing increased attention and attracting new settlers. A golden bait was perhaps needed to lure to so long a voyage and complete a banishment. Those who prefer, to the miner's exciting toil, the slower but more certain gains of plough and sheep-pen, need not rove so far in quest of a fertile soil and fair climate. Half-way, or thereabouts, to Australia, the sunny land of Southern Africa invites their stay. Some, perhaps, bound to the more distant shore, have been tempted to curtail their voyage, and, undeterred by Kafirs, to pitch their tent in the pleasant plains of the Cape colony. This was partially the case with Mr. Alfred Cole. Bound for New Zealand, wrecked at the Cape, he abode where the wave had cast him. The present volume of travelling sketches in the latter colony are the result of five years' residence and rambling amidst its motley population of English, Dutch, and Hottentots.

Cast ashore near Cape Town, that is the first place of which Mr. Cole has given us his impressions. They are brief; for the town, prettily situated at the foot of Table Mountain, and composed of neatly-built stuccoed houses, offers little worthy of noting in a traveller's journal. Its chief boast is an excellent public library, consisting of fifty or sixty thousand volumes, free to all who choose

to read there. Next to this, a botanical garden, belonging to Baron von Ludwig, and by him generously thrown open to the public twice or thrice a week, is the greatest show in the place:—

"The trouble and expense it must have cost him to make so beautiful a garden, containing specimens of every botanical curiosity of every clime, must have been very great. I shall not attempt to describe it; but I mention it here, as an instance of a private individual performing what the government neglected most shamefully. During the Dutch possession of the colony, a government garden was supported; and it is thus described by Sir William Temple. 'It contained nineteen acres, was of an oblong figure, and divided into four quarters by long cross walks, ranged with all sorts of orange trees, limes, and citrons. Each of these four quarters is planted with the trees, fruits, flowers, and plants that are native and proper to each of the four quarters of the globe, so that in this one enclosure are to be found the several gardens of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. There could not be, to my mind, a greater thought of a gardener, nor a nobler idea of a garden, nor better suited or chosen for the climate.' Premare said of it, 'It is one of the most beautiful spectacles in the world.' All this is gone."

After indignantly suggesting that the cost of a few gardeners might very well be deducted from the high salary paid to military martinets for misgoverning the colony, Mr. Cole starts east for Algoa Bay, "decidedly the most go-ahead part of South Africa," and lands at Port Elizabeth, which contains three or four thousand inhabitants, and ranks as the third town in the colony. The Port-Elizabethans are jealous of the Cape Town folk, affect to look down upon them, and consider them "a very mixed set"—as was observed to Mr. Cole by a lady at whose house he afterwards danced opposite to the man of whom he had that morning bought his gloves, whilst at the same counter birch brooms and Dutch cheese, hats, pegtops, and salt butter, were to be purchased. The whaling establishment at Port Elizabeth affords our author an opportunity for a capital description of the chase and death of a whale; and then he joins a party who are going up the country, in most independent fashion, a horse apiece, and a valise of clean clothes constituting their entire outfit. Cape horses, we may mention in a parenthesis, shuffle along at an easy pace, stumble frequently, but rarely fall, are fed on grass, seldom see corn, and sometimes refuse it when they do.

"The boers of South Africa never give their horses any other food than grass. I was once called out of a little roadside inn, where I was taking 'mine ease,' to see some horses that would not eat corn! A jolly old boer was there, with three regular South African horses, to whom, in the generosity of his heart, he was tendering, for the first time in their lives, a mess of forage. The nags sniffed and looked about very suspiciously, raked the corn about with their noses, blew it right and left, and then, with an air of ineffable contempt for such effeminate luxuries, turned away without deigning to touch it, and began grazing."

Men, as well as cattle, get into strange habits of diet at the Cape. "I've had a little present made me," once said the landlord of an African inn to Mr. Cole, with the same air of complacent gratulation with which a Londontavern-keeper announces to a favoured customer the immediate 'coming up' of a fine haunch of venison. "It's a nice bit of zee-koe-spek." This was hippopotamus pork. "Serve it up, by all means," was the intrepid wayfarer's reply. What he thought of that

day's dinner may be inferred from the following extract:—

"I trust the reader will sympathise with me, when I tell him that I cannot look at the punchy little hippopotamus in the Regent's Park, without thinking of the delicious pork he would make—*dairy-fed*, too, by the bye. How very absurd it appears for people to eat nothing but beef, and mutton, and pork, all over the globe—as if every foreign country did not contain plenty of other animals fit for slaughter and diet, besides oxen, sheep, and pigs! Ask any hunter in South Africa, from Gordon Cumming down to any regular trader over the colonial boundary, whether buffalo steaks, when young, are not the finest in the world; whether a baked elephant's foot is not better than a stewed calf's head; whether a wild peacock is not as good as a tame turkey."

Pursuing the idea, Mr. Cole presents us with a possible and eligible bill of fare for a dinner party in a South African desert, amongst whose principal and much commended dishes we find—

"Fricassee of porcupine,  
Ragout of earth-hog's leg,  
Sparerib of young hippopotamus,  
Omelette of ostrich eggs."

Not banteringly, but in sober earnest, he assures us that these viands, so suggestive of a menagerie, are one and all succulent and delicious, and then, after a glass of Cape-smoke (the colonial name for peach brandy) as a digestive, he introduces us to the dwelling of a sheep-farmer, a man owning two or three thousand sheep, 300 cattle, 150 horses, and about 8000 acres of land.

"We approached a little, low, wattle and daub hut, rudely thatched over, and bearing a very unattractive appearance. My friend was a great breeder of horses, but it struck me that if he built no better stables than these, he was not over particular as to his nags' lodgings. 'Come in,' cried he, diving his head into the low doorway by our side. I did as I was told, and saw—not a stable, but a room—the room, in fact; for there was no other, though a portion of it was partitioned off at one end to form a bed-room! Verily this is roughing it with a vengeance, thought I."

When a man marries, says an impertinent old ditty, his sorrow begins. So, it is supposed by many, does his comfort. Then only, most assuredly, does the meaning of the latter word become intelligible to a Cape sheep-farmer, who, until about to make the matrimonial plunge, would be deemed mad or effeminate did he lodge himself much better than a Hottentot. Together his bans are published and his house built. A lazy dog is he, according to Mr. Cole's account, passing half his time in bed and the rest in dozing and smoking; rarely washing or dressing himself, or even counting his sheep when they leave and return to the pen; seldom going in quest of game, though it is plentiful, and though tough mutton and rice are his constant and monotonous fare. Only when the hyenas (called wolves at the Cape) assail his flocks, and at shearing time, does he rouse himself from habitual apathy. Fruit and vegetables would thrive admirably on his fertile land, but he has neither garden nor potato field. Sheep-farming is the best business in the colony, and Mr. Cole gives statistics to show that capital judiciously employed in it will yield from 20 to 25 per cent. This being the case, he was surprised to find a kind of 'panic' prevailing amongst those who follow the occupation, and to hear of frequent failures and executions. Long credits and extravagance, he found, upon inquiry, were the cause of these. A man arrives in the colony without capital, hires a farm, gets stock on two or



three years' credit, lives like one whose fortune is made instead of to be made,—good dinners, good horses, good wines—though he, perhaps, never had a sixpence of his own, and his sheep are still to be paid for. This lasts five years or so, then he makes a smash, and is voted 'unfortunate.' These, however, are the exceptions, not the rule, but they are pretty numerous, and greatly injure the colony.

The 'rust,' or smut, which, like the potato disease, will sometimes destroy crops for years in succession, prevents extensive cultivation of corn at the Cape, although Cape wheat is esteemed the finest in the world. Cattle are profitable stock, and thrive well, but the English colonists are not fond of keeping them, and most of the large cattle farmers are Dutchmen. Mr. Cole attributes the Englishman's comparative prejudice against cattle partly to the uncertainty of the supply of labour. Hottentots are the most capricious of all servants. Upon the morrow of pay-day, it is no unusual thing for the colonist, on getting up, to find that every servant has left the premises, leaving him alone and helpless. "By no means a pleasant predicament if you have a few thousand sheep of your own. But imagine the disaster with four or five hundred cows that *must* be milked." The desertion is by no means on account of ill-treatment, bad-feeding, or over-work. Its cause is simply a love of change, a wish for a holiday, and a desire to get comfortably drunk at leisure. The runaways frequently praise the master they have thus clandestinely left, and send their friends and relations, who may be in want of places, to fill those they have vacated. The flit is made in perfect good feeling, but is not the less abominably inconvenient, and often productive of heavy loss.

At Fort Beaufort Mr. Cole had the honour of an interview with the Kafir chief, Macomo, whose portrait—that of a most truculent-looking savage—fronts his title-page:—

"The proper dress of a Kafir chief is a kaross of leopard skin, which can be worn by no other Kafir. Arms, legs, and feet are left bare, and so is the head. Macomo, however, is very fond of turning out in European costume; and as he selects his wardrobes in a very diffuse manner, the effect he produces is more remarkable than elegant. Judge of my surprise at seeing the great leader of ten thousand warriors thus habited. He wore a blue dress coat, with brass buttons, considerably too large for him, and very much the worse for wear; a pair of old dragoon trousers, with a tarnished gold stripe down the legs; yellow velt-schoens; a shocking bad straw hat; no shirt, no waistcoat, and no stockings! He was mounted on a little, rough, ungroomed pony, with a cheap saddle, and an old worn-out bridle. In place of a riding-whip, he carried in his hand a knob-keerie (a sort of Kafir sprig-of-shillelagh) of formidable dimensions, and in his mouth was stuck a small blackened clay pipe. In addition to this, he was by no means sober, though not drunk 'for Macomo,' I was informed.

"My interview with the worthy was not a very long one. I was introduced to him by a man who knew him, and I had a little conversation with him of no importance, but rather amusing, from the manner in which it ended—namely, by the great chief asking me to lend him sixpence. Of course I complied, and saw him two hours later in a state of helpless intoxication. My sixpence had done it. You can get drunk on the most economical terms at the Cape."

Barring Kafir inroads, the general impression of the Cape colony conveyed by Mr. Cole's book is decidedly an agreeable one, and encouraging to emigrants. Industry and

moderate labour yield large returns, and a prudent frugal man, who keeps clear of the extravagances we have already referred to—and which we fear are but too common in many of our colonies—may pay interest on capital, live comfortably, and still lay by something. The climate is fine, the soil productive, game plentiful, hospitality universal and boundless. Travelling on horseback through the country, you ride up to a farmer's house at meal-time or nightfall, secure of a hearty welcome to bed and board:—

"Knock at the door (if it be shut—which, by the way, it seldom is), tell him you are a traveller, and he will at once beg you to 'off-saddle' and come in. He will offer you anything and everything his little larder contains, and he will ask you to sleep there. You will accept both offers, *si sapias*—make yourself as agreeable as nature will allow you—and the next morning your host will entreat you to stay a month with him—and *mean it too*."

To such an extent is this patriarchal hospitality carried out, that Mr. Cole declares he knew a man who, with no other worldly possessions but his horse, saddle, and bridle, lived extremely well for three or four years, first at one house, then at another, drinking his friends' brandy, riding their horses, smoking their tobacco, shooting their game, and eating their dinners, and never once receiving a hint that his room would be preferred to his company.

Well disposed, as it strikes us, to take the most favourable view of 'Life at the Cape' that is consistent with truth, Mr. Cole does not, however, omit to show some of its disagreeables. One of these, although he passes lightly over it, is the abundance of venomous reptiles and vermin of various kinds. The Cape is but a short remove from the Tropics, and shares many of the evils and advantages of those torrid regions. At Somerset, hard by the poet Pringle's settlement of Glen Lynden, Mr. Cole made acquaintance with some of the discomforts of South Africa:—

"I was going quietly to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when, close to my feet and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; but, ere my hand had quite reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away, but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathless to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff-adder, the most deadly snake in the colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror; his head was from me—so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strikes back. He did not move, he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake and spring at me, I took a jump backwards, that would have done honour to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick, I then returned and settled his worship."

"Some parts of South Africa swarm with snakes; none are free from them. I have known three men killed by them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hoek. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff-adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. Its bite will kill occasionally within an hour. One of my friends lost a favourite and valuable horse by its bite, in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish reptile, and therefore more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away, like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps, it half raises its

head and hisses. Often have I come to a sudden pull-up on foot and on horseback, on hearing their dreaded warning! There is also the cobra-capello, nearly as dangerous, several black snakes, and the boom-slang (or tree-snake), less deadly, one of which I once shot seven feet long. The Cape is also infested by scorpions, whose sting is little less virulent than a snake bite; and by the spider called the tarantula, which is extremely dreaded."

This is certainly a pleasant catalogue, but there are worse snakes than these at the Cape—snakes in the grass, or rather in the 'bush.' Mr. Cole quitted the colony just about the time of the outbreak of the Kafir war of 1846, but he witnessed the preliminary disturbances, and narrowly escaped being one of the first victims to the aggressive spirit of the barbarians. Pressed by business, he set out one day alone for Graham's Town, the road to which place passed close to the Kafir border. He was on horseback; a pair of very small pistols in his shooting-coat pockets were his only arms; and he had to traverse a gloomy 'poort,' or pass between two mountains, covered with dense bush, capable of concealing thousands of Kafirs. Colonel Somerset's patrols had been scouring the place all day, but what availed that? The foe had but to lie close, and who could find him out in that tangled thicket? A Dutch boer whom Mr. Cole met upon the road warned him of peril, but he persevered at all risks, although confessing to a certain tremor as he entered the defile between the bush-clothed flanks of the precipitous grey mountains. He had made up his mind to be robbed unresistingly, hoping by submission to save life and limb. His resolve was less courageous than his impulses:—

"I had now passed about three-fourths of the poort, and the road was better in surface, and far less hilly. The bush continued as thick as ever. Less than half a mile ahead, I should be once more in the open country, and too near to Graham's Town to feel any alarm of robbery or violence. The comfortable sense of personal security began to creep upon me, the whole nervous system seemed to relax; I found myself laughing at the idle stories of the Dutchman, and even voting myself half a noodle for having determined to *submit* to robbery. My right hand again grasped the pistol in my pocket in mere pastime."

"A sudden crash, a sudden start of my horse, and his bridle had been seized by a woolly-headed ruffian; my right hand had instinctively drawn out the pistol, clapped it to the head of the Kafir, snapped it off, down he went like a shot; my spurs were in my horse's sides, and the animal was bounding forth with fright and pain; while 'whiz!' 'whiz!' and three assagais had whirled past me so closely that I had felt their wind, whilst the point of one of them had grazed the headstall of my bridle. How I galloped! it was for my life now, and my horse seemed to know it. What cared he for the huge stones that lay in his way? He cleared them all as he bounded forward at the top of his speed, and in a very few minutes brought me safe and sound into the open table-land, with Graham's Town lying in a valley below us, and only a few miles distant. I pulled up; and all that had passed but a few minutes since seemed like a dream or a phantasy; it had been so sudden, so unexpected; so soon and so strangely terminated! Yet there was the discharged pistol, still in my right hand, and there was the grazed mark on my horse's headstall, bearing indubitable evidence to my half-doubting senses, that I had indeed had my 'first brush with the Kafirs.'"

Soon after this fortunate escape the Kafirs ceased to dissemble, and plainly defied the colonial government.

"A Kafir had been taken prisoner whilst in the act of stealing cattle; and, shortly after his capture,



he was despatched to Graham's Town for trial, handcuffed to a Hottentot culprit, and under the escort of a very small guard. On the road a large body of Kafirs rushed out, severed the arm of the Hottentot at a blow, and made off again into the bush with their own countryman, the Hottentot's amputated arm dangling to his wrist, before the guard could recover from the panic into which they had been thrown."

The demand of the Lieutenant-Governor for the delivery into his hands of this band of Kafirs, addressed to the chief into whose territory they had been tracked, met an insolent reply, and open war quickly followed this daring act of aggression. Our business being more especially with the literary merits of Mr. Cole's volume, we shall not here discuss its political portions, but merely observe that, although sometimes rather sweeping in his censures, his strictures on the system hitherto pursued in the Cape Colony bear, for the most part, the impress of sound sense and practical knowledge of the subject. His book is as agreeable and readable as any of its class we have lately met with; and, being rather a string of pleasing sketches than a narrative of adventure and striking incident, it will be better liked as a whole than appreciated through extracts.

*The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.*  
Chapman and Hall.

IN noticing lately in brief the issue of these volumes, we made the remark that the Poems of Mr. Reade, now first collected together, had, as they severally appeared, "attracted attention in a period so barren of poetry of a high order as the last twenty years." An indignant poet, turning this compliment to Mr. Reade into a depreciation of contemporary merit, has appealed against a sentence of such wholesale oblivion, if not censure. Have we not had, says our correspondent, in the last twenty years, Tennyson, and Talfourd, and Hartley Coleridge, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Beddoes, and James Montgomery? Have we not had, continues our ingenious remembrancer, the author of 'Festus,' and the author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' and the author of 'Orion,' and Cooper, Pollok, Bulwer, Marston, Knowles? Of the names in this very miscellaneous list the best were known to fame more than twenty years ago; but, apart from this, the justness and force of our remark wholly depend on what idea is attached to the expression 'poetry of a high order.' We refer to such poetry as will take rank in the classic literature of England, the works of men whose names will be deemed worthy of being included, at the close of the century, in some new 'Lives of the Poets.' That the last twenty years have been devoid of such poetry we were far from asserting. Other names besides that of James Montgomery future times will not willingly let die. But how few the works of enduring substance, compared with the multitude which enjoy the popularity of the passing day, after receiving the eulogies of benevolent and undiscerning criticism! Let those journals which suit their matter to more popular circles scatter cheap and indiscriminate praise; we are not disposed, either in literature or in science, to lower the standard of excellence which independent criticism should sternly regard.

What we have already said of Mr. Reade's works marks our estimate of them as considerably above the average merit of the poetry of the present time. Had his choice

of subjects been more happy, greater perhaps would have been the success of his poems. But in all his highest efforts he has chosen to go upon ground previously occupied by master-spirits, with whom few would have sought to provoke competition or invite comparison. Both in the subjects and the way of treating them, we are perpetually reminded of Byron, and sometimes of a greater than Byron—Milton—in the fulness of whose glory the light of any imitator is effectually paled. Of Byron we are reminded not only in the drama of 'Cain the Wanderer,' which now reappears much improved under the title of 'Destiny,' but the poem of 'Italy' is in subject, style, metre, unhappily for the author, too suggestive of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' Sometimes Mr. Reade has had the indiscretion even to take up the very subjects which Byron has described with perfect success. The Rialto, Santa Croce, and the Forum, as here represented, are like the pictures of some young English artist beside the classic paintings of a Claude or a Canaletti. To give but two instances out of many, Mr. Reade thus refers to the Venus de' Medici, at Florence, and to the scenes of the Roman amphitheatre:—

"So stands in life the breathing Aphrodite!  
Grace radiates from that ethereal head,  
Crowning her as with a glory's haloing light;  
While on the aching eye and heart is shed  
That sense of adoration which is fed  
When language sinks beneath the spell we feel;  
Beauty and purity as with wings outspread  
That brow o'ershadow, calling us to kneel  
To love that doth in us immortal founts reveal."

Byron's lines on the Venus we need not quote, but here are two of his stanzas on the Gladiator, some of the thoughts and even the expressions of which are reproduced in the work before us:—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his sword; his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
The arena swims around him; he is gone  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch  
who won."

"He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he 't' their sire  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.  
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,  
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and girt your ire!"

Here are two of Mr. Reade's stanzas:—

"Fainting he reels, blood gushingly hath broke  
From the red life-wound, oozing down his side;  
He stands as in his country's woods the oak  
That cleft, and thunder-rent, the storm defied:  
In that bold brow ye trace a native pride,  
Freedom looks from those eyes that could not yield,  
Hero by nature stamped, by fate denied;  
The haughtiest scorn of that curled lip revealed  
Heart-loathing of the crowd, deep hate no more concealed."

"Space whirls around him!—'tis not the crowd's roar  
He hears, the blood from his lax'd arteries  
Sounds ebbing like the spent waves on the shore;  
In the red sands beneath he sees arise  
Green fields, and trees, loved forms, and speaking eyes,  
And kinsman's beckoning hands—he lifts his head,  
A flashing light! home's far realities  
Buried in thunder-clouds sink darkened, fled,  
His quivering limbs convulse—life passes—he is dead!"

Too many and too obvious here are the resemblances to require us to point them out. Still more open to criticism is the conclusion of the poem, with an apostrophe to the ocean, as in Byron, but, compared with that noble passage of 'Childe Harold,' tame and spiritless:—

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow,  
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all times,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid zone  
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible."

After this, Mr. Reade should have refrained from writing such a stanza as the following:—

"Oracular ocean! I would raise thee here  
An altar, like the worshippers of old,  
Yea, bow to thee with reverential fear,  
For in thy face my spirit doth behold  
Its limitless faculty: thy waters rolled  
The rise and fall of states as man attest;  
The audible march of time by thee is told,  
Thou mirror'st the Infinite on thy breast  
In thy all fathomless depths is typed the Almighty's rest."

But now pass we willingly from pointing out errors by which Mr. Reade has done himself wrong, to speak of matters for which praise is justly due. In the drama of 'Catiline,' the author's power is best displayed, although against the originality of design objection might here too be raised. The plot is well conceived and well sustained, and all the characters are distinctly and skilfully brought out. Lentulus, Cethegus, Crassus, Julius Caesar, Cato, Clodius, are all represented in life-like truth, as history has recorded their spiritual features. Of Fulvia, too, the picture is well drawn, but with some exaggeration. But in Cicero and Catiline, the central figures of the drama, the author's success is most marked. The proud ambition and daring courage of the arch-conspirator, with the dark grandeur of his whole character, reminding us more of Milton's Satan than any other model, appear throughout the drama. The cool sagacity, and busy watchfulness, and fierce rhetoric of Cicero are equally well represented. Of the well-known scene in the Senate, when the plot was revealed, here is part of the description:—

"CICERO. Conscrip't Fathers!  
I see your wonder at beholding me,  
A man of peace, with ensigns girt of war:  
How shall it rise to wrath when all shall know  
That my life, yours, and Rome's, are doomed to slaughter  
By Catiline, by one of your own order:  
One whom the gods designed to be as great  
As he is infamous. For your sakes, Fathers!  
I have watched him night and day, and the gods aiding,  
I traced the venom'd snake through all his windings.  
"CESAR. Consul! 'twould better suit your well-known  
wisdom  
If you produced your proofs ere you prejudice;  
He is not here to guard his character.  
"CATO. He dares not show his face 'mid honest men.  
"CRASSUS. Behold—he comes to answer for himself;  
Strong in the shield of his integrity."

"Enter CATILINE.  
"CESAR (apart to CRASSUS). Resolve sits on his brow:  
now, if he conquer,  
All the patricians join him to a man,  
Let his tongue answer but that fiery look."

[CATILINE takes his seat by CATO, who rises and passes over to the opposite side.]

"CATO. Let those sit by thee who uphold thee: Cato  
Sides with his country and with virtue!"

"CATILINE. How  
Is this, grave Fathers? ye look coldly on me,  
Have I done aught to merit your reproof?"

"CICERO (rising hastily). What?—dar'st thou enter thus  
the Senate-house?"

Dost thou not blush, atrocious Catiline?  
Or ebb's thy blood back to thy frightened heart,  
That thou dost look so pale? Dar'st thou insult  
Our patience—whither doth thy madness tend?  
Have not the city's guards—the troops drawn out—  
The armed Senate—the averted looks  
Of all good men—appalled thee? Know'st thou not,  
Barefaced assassin!—what all here know around me,  
Dared they speak truth—thy plot to fire the city?  
To slaughter all of us—my life the first,  
Worthless—yet not so—for the gods have saved me  
To be the worker of thy ruin! There—  
There sits the man who hath planned out your murders!  
His camp in Italy—his troops are arming  
Under your eyes: and yet he lives!—O age,  
And manners!—this the Senate knows, and still  
HE LIVES!—lives did I say?—dare come among us,  
Let the truth lighten in your faces!—there  
The gladiator takes his seat among you!  
And with his wolfish eye marks out each man  
For his particular slaughter!—while we think  
We have done enough if we avert his strokes,  
And make them straws. I see ye are moved, grave Fathers!  
Let him stand forth, and—if he can—dare shame  
The heart of falsehood by denying me!



"CATILINE. If I rise, Fathers! and unmoved, it is  
That I am callous to this speech, but not  
To your grave judgments. Truth needs no defence:  
If I have thought two bodies dwelt in the State,  
One weak, corrupt and impotent, the patricians,  
That hath a head, the other, vigorous  
And healthful, which hath none, if I would wish  
To give it one, should I offend ye, Fathers!  
Who hath forgotten I stood candidate  
For the Pontic war?—I sued not beggar-like,  
Nor fawned on you as others, but as one  
Who honoured in acceptance: who had led  
Your arms o'er lands the Sybarite ye chose  
Had never dreamed: but you rejected me,  
You closed your eyes to deeds I wrought in the field,  
And I was silent, mindful of the meed  
Which still the greatest meet who serve their country.  
Revoke your judgments: ye know Cicero's nature:  
Is 't likely I should dare what fear conceives not?  
Have I not proved myself a Roman, there  
Where best proved, in the field—have I not bled?  
Where all were brave, has not this arm been foremost?  
Could unused swords of needy mercenaries  
Overthrow Rome—and what should prompt the attempt?  
Loss of the Consulship?—should I gain it  
By murdering him?—were he of warlike stock  
I had rejoiced, and, with the Spartan, said,  
'My country boasts of worthier men than I!'"

The Consul then proceeds with further  
revelations, concluding thus his impassioned  
invectives:—

"Dost thou  
Still linger—wherefore roll thine eyes around?  
Doth not the Senate's silence speak their will?  
And in their solemn brows bent on thee?—Go!  
They give thee liberty, go—join thy refuse,  
Lurking without our walls, go anywhere—  
So thou free us from thy abhorred presence!"

On this Catiline starts up, and a scene of  
confusion ensues, in which, on some closing  
to seize Catiline, he throws off his toga, and  
stands out armed.

"Look—I AM WAR!—as I throw off these robes,  
And stand forth free, and a med with my good sword,  
So will I hurl on ye the plagues of war!"

All this scene is given with a spirit equal  
to the greatness of the theme.

In the minute details of this poem, as well  
as the general effect, Mr. Reade seems to have  
taken unusual pains. There are few pages  
without striking thoughts or forcible expres-  
sions. On the very first page we find such  
words as these—Cethegus speaks of Lentulus  
as one—

"Who dreams of his long ancestry,  
When he should wake and rival them;"  
and when another tells how he had been put  
down before the people by the wit of Cicero,  
Cethegus says—

"He's ours: there is no deadlier enmity  
Than ranklings of a mortified ambition.  
But see—he comes! let us withdraw and watch him."

Unperceived by Lentulus for a moment,  
they hear him expressing his anger and also  
the feeling of mortified pride:—

"Have I stood forth, Rome's mockery, the mark  
Of scorn, to be degraded by that talker?  
I, head of the Corneli?"

And after more in that strain, Cethegus  
says of him—

"He's in that mood when desperate counsels are  
Medicinal, and soothe the feverish blood."

And Lentulus is easily gained over to the  
conspiracy. The interview between Cæsar  
and Catiline is a fine passage. We con-  
clude the notice of the play with a few lines  
of one of the speeches, where the future ruler  
is receiving from no mean authority a lesson  
of ambition:—

"CÆSAR. But if we fail?  
"CATILINE. Success or failure makes us patriots  
Or rebels: victory or bondage ours,  
Awarded by the herd with the same breath.  
Even so are vice and virtue but names given  
To deeds men loathe or love as they affect  
Themselves, changing their name and character  
With time and circumstance. To power alone  
Men bow, to ruling and inspiring power!  
That makes vice, virtue, all is overlooked,  
All, in the dazzling heights which it hath won!  
Men are not to be loved—they mock you: nor  
Be courted, they despise you!—they must fear!  
They are born to be commanded, and they own  
Instinctively the master-mind! they may  
Hate—they dare not despise."

We must pass over the other poems of lofty  
themes and great effort, 'The Drama of a  
Life,' 'Memnon,' 'The Deluge,' and give one  
or two specimens from the minor pieces, and  
from one poem of less ambitious aim, entitled,  
'Revelations of Life.' In this poem the author  
writes as a Christian moralist, as well as a  
didactic poet, and in a few passages there is a  
loftiness and purity of tone, reminding us of  
Cowper's 'Task':—

"I sought it in the outward beautiful,  
In solitude, in thoughts indefinite,  
I found its aching want, I turned to life,  
Love gave it not, nor friendship, for their roots  
In selfishness grew, ambition less, or power.  
The aspiration was instilled from Thee,  
Or rather from the veils cast round thy image,  
Material Nature, mirroring thy thought:  
From thy sun's altar, in rich autumn's hues,  
In songs of woods, and streams, in Ocean hymns,  
In winter's stormier forms, but all were vague,  
Language of unintelligible song  
Rising and falling through thy temple, choirs  
Or wailing, or exulting: harmonies  
Inspiring yearnings to become as they,  
Spiritual presences that spake of Thee!"

In one of the minor poems a similar train  
of thought is expressed:—

"Almighty Nature! take again thy child unto thy breast,  
Let me repose again on thee by weight of life oppressed;  
Before thy awful countenance forget diseased thought,  
False friends, false loves, and hope, and fame, and man,  
alike forgot."

"Even now I rise and pace the desert heath with firmer  
tread,  
I cast depression to the winds, I raise to Heaven my head;  
I feel the mission is fulfilled my soul was set to do,  
To read the truth, to look the heart of man and nature  
through."

Of the spirit of Mr. Reade's poetry, and  
also of the taste and skill of his versification,  
our extracts will give fair materials for judg-  
ing. Among the poets of the last twenty  
years he holds a high place, and there are  
passages in his works which would do credit  
to the literature of any period.

#### *Le Pays Latin.* By H. Murger. Paris: Levy.

ALTHOUGH the 'Latin country' is marked out  
on no map, and has no regular official boun-  
daries, there are perhaps few readers who do  
not know that it comprises that quarter of  
the good city of Paris in which the schools of  
medicine and of law, and most of the public  
colleges, are situated, and that the most re-  
markable, if not the most numerous, portion  
of its population consists of students. When,  
then, we took up this book, we expected to  
find a series of *tableaux* of student-life in  
Paris. But we have been disappointed. The  
actors in it are, it is true, called students, and  
the heroine is what the French designate a  
*studentess*; but there is nothing in the former  
to distinguish them from young advocates,  
literary men, or officers in a marching regi-  
ment; and nothing in the latter which takes  
her out of the class of ordinary *grisettes*.

An *étudiant* of the modern Lutetia is, all  
things considered, one of the most original  
and most curious animals in creation. He is  
very sparing in his draughts of learning, but  
drinks deep of beer and grog. He holds books  
in abomination, but has a most profound re-  
spect for the noble game of billiards. A pro-  
fessional lecture makes him yawn tremen-  
dously, but the strains of the fiddle fill his  
soul with delight. A shake of the hand from  
Père Lahire, the director of the 'Chaumière,'  
seems to him preferable to all academical dis-  
tinctions whatsoever. Like Jupiter, he is  
generally in a cloud,—but it is of smoke of  
his own blowing. Of a musical turn, he takes  
pleasure in entertaining his neighbourhood  
with repeated blasts on the French horn.

Utterly careless of the future, he lives only  
for the day, and spends over a carouse the  
money provided by his parents for a month's  
subsistence. The only labour to which he  
devotes himself is the art of dancing; but  
disdaining the common rules of Terpsichore,  
he indulges in the most singular contortions  
and the queerest gestures, and if for so doing  
he can get himself expelled by the gendarme  
employed to watch over public virtue, great  
is his glory. He is ever ready to join in a  
demonstration against the authorities, no  
matter for what, and dearly loves a row. In  
dress he prefers the most outrageous fashions  
and the most glaring colours. He boasts of  
believing in nothing, and fearing nothing,  
either in this world or the next. He scoffs  
at everybody, and turns everything into ridi-  
cule. So lax is he in his moral notions, that  
he makes no mystery whatever of the fact  
that he is assisted in his toils and joined in  
his pleasures by an *étudiante*. In a word, he  
is a wild, reckless, good-for-nothing, amusing,  
impudent varlet.

If the English reader asks how it is that  
he has the means of displaying all these de-  
lightful qualities, we tell him that he is under  
no sort of control. The French University  
does not trouble itself with his private doings;  
all that it demands from him for the grant-  
ing of a degree is, a certain attendance at  
lectures, and a certain examination. He is  
not required to live "within the walls," nor  
to wear a particular dress, nor to be under  
any sort of superintendence. But he is his  
own master, has the whole huge city to range  
over, and all its amusements and dissipations  
to indulge in. What wonder, then, if, with  
the thoughtlessness of youth, he goes astray!

An author who takes on himself to describe  
a country should at least give some account  
of the peculiarities of its inhabitants. But  
Murger, we repeat, has not done this; he  
has omitted the part of *Hamlet* from the tra-  
gedy; he has entered the Latin province  
without noticing the Latins. This is a mis-  
take which he should correct. He is well  
capable of doing so. He is a young writer of  
much promise, and his 'Scènes de la Vie  
de Bohême,' reviewed by us about a twelve-  
month since (*ante* L. G. 1851, p. 162), prove  
that he possesses vigour and *verve*, and great  
keenness of observation.

Although his book does not carry out its  
title, it is very readable. It gives an insight  
into Parisian life, which is so different to  
ours; and it proves that Parisian 'notions'  
on love and morality are wide as the poles  
asunder from those of old England. It has  
evidently been written with much care; but  
the author has committed the strange over-  
sight of making his heroine, an uneducated  
country girl transformed into a fashionable  
*grisette*, talk about Erato, and Sisyphus, and  
Madame de Sevigné, as glibly as a profes-  
sional *homme de lettres*.

#### *The Pathway of the Fawn; a Tale of the New Year.* By Mrs. T. K. Hervey.

THE plot of this tale has much that is im-  
probable, but the story is well-told, the style  
and spirit throughout are excellent, and the  
general effect is pleasing. The opening scene  
is in an old mansion in Rhineland. The Lord  
of Graubrüder, as the place was called from  
being on the site of an ancient monastery of  
Grey Friars, was with some friends around  
the festal board where they met to see a new  
year in. Strange and dark at all times in his



spirit, a deeper gloom this night troubled Wilhelm von Fern. Neither the good Johannisberger wine, nor the sparkling gaiety of his younger companions, could rouse him to cheerfulness. Some inward anxiety oppressed him. That same night his only child Berthold, a youth of about seventeen years of age, the heir of Graubrüder, and the hope of the old man, stealthily was quitting his father's house. The next morning, and long after, the lost child was sought in vain. But though concealed, Berthold was not far off. In the cottage of his foster-mother, amidst the mountain forests, a home was found. In those solitudes there also lived an aged mother, Johanna, with a son, Armer, a sculptor, and his sister Röschen. Berthold became a pupil of Armer, and soon acquired a skill in the art which was turned to happy use. One day when out he met Ernst Engelhertz, a companion of youth, and one who had been at the mansion on the night of the escape. Ernst was a warm friend still, and soon was to have other feeling towards Berthold. Johanna that evening told the tale of her past life, with the cause of her present poverty and sorrow. She told how the lands of Graubrüder once belonged to a brother and sister as co-heirs, Wilhelm and Johanna; how the estate was to devolve upon the male heir of Wilhelm, or, failing his issue male, to be divided equally between his children and those of his sister. She told of violence and fraud by which her right had been set aside, and how her brother, going to Italy, had married there, and his wife died, after bearing to him one child—a boy. "Here is the result," she added, looking around her poor dwelling and at her two children. Looking to Berthold, Ernst saw the youth swoon away on hearing this recital, and carried him to the open air to recover. Here he knew what before he had often suspected, that the boy Berthold was a girl in disguise. She had acted out her part these long years for her father, and a solemn vow prevented disclosure. But her generous heart could bear the crime no longer. Her flight with her old nurse Grete had brought her among those she was the means of robbing of their rights. And in Ernst she now found a loving ally in her plans. For the further course of the story we must refer to the book, only mentioning that it was through the art of the sculptor she sought with success to reach and influence her father's heart. Heinrich, or Armer, as the mother called her 'poor one,' took to the uncle, who was a liberal patron of art, statues which awoke old associations in his memory. A single passage will here give a glimpse into the substance of this part of the story, and also show the author's style of writing:—

"Morning found him once again beside the speaking stone. Again he gazed with stricken soul upon that face and form, whose fixed but idealised embodiment of wrong and suffering was at once a beauty and a terror.

"Day after day found him planted before the spot which it occupied; or pacing with drooping form and measured step the narrow boundary wherein its visible agony seemed to exhale the tortured breath of mortal life.

"His feet seemed rooted to the spot. The changing heart of the man grew to the marble, till he could find no life but in its presence—no being save that which he drew under the veil of its sorrow, beneath the shadow of its despair.

"Those about him, unconscious of the secret springs of this newly-awakened and most engrossing passion of the heart, marvelled at his aspect, as hour by hour the workings of remorse drove

health from his cheek, and vigour from his step. Much of the change that was marked by all was naturally attributed to the desertion of Berthold—for as Berthold only had the supposed boy been known within those walls. But none dared to question; and the name had long since become a forbidden sound in that forsaken household.

"Forsaken and deserted it was in every sense. The voice of the child was silent in those chambers as the strings of the broken lute; and when its music sank and died upon the ear of the father, the music of his heart and life died with it. He had never known till he lost the sweetness of her presence how much of his being was bound up in his lost child. She was gone; and the heartless reveller was transformed into a thinking, humanised being. The man of self learned the lesson of humanity—taught by Sorrow in the school of Truth.

"Meantime, the desolation which grew out of a life aimless as his had now become, showed itself everywhere. The house became a ruin. Weeds grew upon the outer walls, and damp encrusted and corroded within. The garden flowers grew dwarfed and stunted with neglect. Shrubs, in their unpruned overgrowth, choked the once clear alleys; and the trailing vines bore shrivelled and tasteless fruit.

"The erect form became bowed; the limbs grew feeble; the face thin, pallid, and worn.

"The mirror-soul presented a fairer image than ever of its Maker; but the frame was a wreck."

We need not say that the conclusion of the tale is happy. When the old man's spirit was changed, the time came for his health and comfort being attended to. Ernst and Bertha, with two other happy lovers, Moritz and Röschen, are ministering spirits in the recovery to health of body as well as to peace of mind. Bertha, the lost found again, and Johanna and her children sharing the wealth of Graubrüder, make the old man happy. The curtain falls on a scene of reconciliation, reparation, and gladness. The improbability of some parts of the tale might be censured, but the interest of the story is so well sustained, and the style is so pleasing, that we commend the book to the earnest perusal of our young friends. The illustrations, from designs by Mr. G. H. Thomas, and the chapter initials by Mr. T. R. Macquoid, are numerous, and in the best taste.

#### NOTICES.

*De la Réimpression en Belgique.* Par A. Hanman. Brussels: Melne.

THIS is a State paper, edited by Mons. Hanman, on the part of the Belgian piratical publishers, to protest against the literary treaties between France and England. It appears that the proprietors of the large printing-offices in Belgium, who have for many years reprinted all French and English works of any note, and who have amassed princely fortunes by the practice, fear the total ruin of their illicit trade, in case the very laudable exertions of France for the suppression of literary piracy should be attended with general success. These gentlemen consequently appeal to the "justice of their cause," for they protest that there is no such thing as literary property. They make, moreover, a subtle distinction between 'contrefaçon' and 'réimpression,' just as the communists of another class distinguish between larceny and appropriation. 'Contrefaçon' is the imitation of the original publisher's edition in everything, in size, paper, and type. Thus, to counter-fashion books is a great crime, which the Belgian publishers never think of perpetrating. But the réimpression of literary works is altogether different. The reprinter scorns to induce the public to believe that his edition is identical with that of the original publisher. His dealings are above-board; he takes what books he pleases, prints them on his own paper, and with his own type, and boldly puts hi

own name as publisher on the title-page. By cheapening good books, he makes them accessible to all ranks and all classes. The 'reprinter' is, consequently, essentially a philanthropist, a benefactor of his species, and altogether a very honourable and plain-dealing man. For Mons. Hanman, who is the mouthpiece of the set, proves, very much to his own satisfaction:—1st. That the 'reprinting' of books is a lawful industry, and acknowledged as such by the laws of every country. 2nd. That it is lawful, because it is practised in every country. 3rd. That it is useful, because giving to capitals as well as to minds, that activity which they otherwise would want. We shall not insult the good sense of our readers by obtruding upon them a refutation of such monstrous absurdities. Nevertheless, the little book is most interesting to men of letters, and it contains, moreover, a good moral, which may be generally applied. In spite of their apparent boldness and the vaunted 'legality' of their cause, it contains indications of the desire of the Belgian publishers to save something, at least, by a judicious retreat or an advantageous capitulation. Its moral is, that there is no cause so bad, that there is not a possibility of finding some specious reason for its defence.

*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Second Edition, enlarged, with a Memoir of the Author. Addey and Co.

ANDERSEN'S 'Fairy Tales' have a peculiar charm for English readers. The scenes and subjects of his stories are distant enough from those of our own country to have the air of freshness and originality, while they are near enough to secure our home-like sympathies. The people of these northern European countries are of our own kith and kin by no remote ancestry. In language, after the first strangeness is mastered, there is found to be great affinity, and many of the old traditions, and superstitions, and customs, are common to us with other people of the Teutonic and Saxon races. Not only in the people, their language and usages, is there this relationship. The natural features of the country, the *flora* too and *fauna*, resemble those of parts of our island. We are of kindred type. A traveller familiar with the Lowlands of Scotland, for instance, is very soon at home in Norway, Denmark, or Holstein. This frequently felt alliance combines with the foreign feeling to give additional interest to the locality. It is the same with the literature of these countries. And hence the peculiar charm of Andersen's tales, in which the scenery, and customs, and domestic life of Denmark are faithfully mirrored. The stories, of which we have in this volume a literal translation from the Danish, are too long for our giving one of them entire, and too short to admit of detached quotations without spoiling the effect. The observation of nature, the kindness of feeling, the poetic spirit of the author, are on every page apparent. The extreme simplicity of the style is at first pleasing, but becomes monotonous, and nothing but the flow of fresh and cheerful fancy prevents our becoming wearied by the almost childish sweetness of the narratives. The variety of the subjects is great, and in some of the tales more literary skill as well as natural genius is displayed. There are forty-five tales in this edition, the former having only fourteen. In Germany, as well as in his own land, Mr. Andersen's tales are widely popular, and we have no doubt they will soon become favourites with many readers both old and young in England.

*Slogans of the North of England.* By Michael Aislabie Denham. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

THIS little volume, or rather pamphlet, is a meritorious attempt to illustrate a popular subject connected with heraldry, but perhaps older still in its origin. The banner of the chief, and the bearings of his court armour, were in general sufficient signals for his followers, but in the wild tumult of battle, a name, a word of encouragement, or a popular saying, formed the battle-cry, which, repeated from mouth to mouth, became a surer medium of rallying the combatants. Each chief of a family or clan had his distinctive war-cry, which was not unfrequently afterwards adopted as the heraldic motto of a family. Among the Celtic clans in the



north, under the name of Slogans, they were kept up till recent times, as well as among the restless Saxon and Norman families on the Scottish borders. Mr. Denham has collected some of the slogans of the Northumbrian families, to rescue them from oblivion, and they form a curious and not uninteresting little volume. They often consisted merely of the name of the chief, as 'A Fenwick! a Fenwick!' or 'A Bulmer! a Bulmer!' both families celebrated in border warfare. Sometimes they were invocations to a patron saint. The great slogan of England was 'St. George! St. George!' The usual motto of the Percies was 'Esperance! Percy!' alluding to the Percy motto. That of the Tyndale men was 'Tyndale, to it!' These traces of popular antiquities are not to be neglected, although, happily, the days of the slogans, except as election cries, are now past. "The cry of, 'A Bowes! a Bowes!' which rose in the fast decadent days of ensigns, at the Fishgarth riot of 1681, has given place to the electioneering 'Bowes for ever, and Shafto or Farrer down the river!' The 'Doleful dumps' of Witherington, when he 'fought upon his stumps,' are seldom sung. They are succeeded by regrets for 'Lucy Neale.' The very title of the ballad which once roused Englishmen is rarely heard, save among Durham schoolboys, and they do not detect the allusion when they make it. A rambling chase through woods, after an unfortunate urchin who plays the part of the beast, 'their pastime for to make,' is in the bishopric called 'having a fine chivvy.' There is another common expression in boyish sports, which, if confined to the north, I should be inclined to connect with border recollections. It is the cry of 'King's speech!' or 'King's play!' (now 'Queen's play,' in Newcastle,) which, the moment it is heard from either party, is a stopper to all the advantages common to the game in neglect of any rule, and a signal for five minutes' truce. The game of Scots and English need hardly be mentioned as another instance." It is but a new illustration of the universal principle, that what suited the manhood of one period degenerated into the boyish amusements of that which succeeded.

*Flowers and Heraldry; or, Floral Emblems and Heraldic Figures, combined to express Pure Sentiments, Kind Feelings, and Excellent Principles, in a Manner at once Simple, Elegant, and Beautiful.* By Robert Tyas, B.A. Houlston and Stoneman.

THE professed object of this little volume is to render the terms and principles of heraldry familiar to young ladies. The author has attempted to group the sentiments of flowers in certain combinations of ideas, which, while they convey wise and beautiful moral doctrines, are represented pictorially under various heraldic forms, and are illustrated by a text which is as full of sentiment as the flowers themselves. We have our doubts how far Mr. Tyas's system may be effectual in teaching heraldry, or in rendering it more popular, but there can be no doubt that he has produced a very pretty book, attractive by its illustrations, and no less so by the sentiments it inculcates.

*God in Disease; or, the Manifestations of Design in Morbid Phenomena.* By James F. Duncan, M.D. Nisbet and Co.

UNDER a title not pleasing nor happily chosen, this work contains much interesting matter, treated in an original way, and in an excellent spirit. The author's object is to show, that in the varied phenomena of disease there are evidences of design, contrivance, and Divine beneficence. Instead of the common opinion that disease is a necessary condition of man's present state of being, and only to be viewed as a consequence of the presence of other evil banefully existing in the world, the attention is turned to a brighter view of the subject, in which out of this form of seeming evil good is educed, and the highest benefits to man are shown to result from what are usually considered his greatest calamities. This particular department of the great question of "the existence of evil" has never before been the subject of distinct treatment. Intelligent physicians have often noticed certain

facts here presented, but a connected view of the subject has not been given, nor any attempt to construct an argument of natural theology, or a meditation of pious worship, from materials so unpromising. With the exception of some few passages, where there is an overstraining of the subject, Dr. Duncan writes with good sense and good feeling, at once as a man of science and a Christian. The effects of morbid phenomena are pointed out, first in their bearings on the course of disease, and on the physical condition of the body, then in their relation to the moral, the benevolent, and the higher spiritual functions of man. What the schoolmen would have called the "Final Causes" of disease, are amply and ably illustrated.

*Fernand Duplessis.* By Eugène Sue. Paris: Cadot.

LIKE all the works of this distinguished romance writer, the present is a very interesting one to read in an idle hour. But it is not written with the vigour of his 'Mathilde,' nor does it contain such highly-wrought scenes as his 'Mysteries of Paris;' in fact, it seems to have been knocked off hastily, day by day, for the newspaper *feuilleton* in which it was originally published; and not a few portions of it are unpardonably slovenly. It is, moreover, too long: six mortal volumes (though to be sure they are not very closely printed) are wearisome to read at any time, and especially in these 'go-a-head' days of railways and electric telegraphs, in which people are always in a hurry, and have not much time to give to anything. Another objection to it in the opinion of many persons will be, that it is made the vehicle of inculcating the peculiar political and social opinions of the author. But this is not done so offensively as in some of his previous novels.

*Instinct and Reason definitively separated.* By Gordonius. Effingham Wilson.

THIS little treatise deserves notice, and will repay perusal, on account of the great number of curious and interesting facts collected by the author in illustration of his subject. Almost every page has some anecdote on the instincts and habits of animals, and the remarks founded on them are often ingenious and sensible. It is one of those books, written not by a professed naturalist, but by an observer of nature, which, to the scientific reader, will furnish entertainment, and to the popular reader information. To promote among the young a love and habit of observing animated nature is our chief object in noticing with encouragement such a work.

## SUMMARY.

### THE MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

THE time of the opening of Parliament and recent Continental movements, give to the Magazines of the present month somewhat more of a political tone than usual. 'The Results of European Revolutions,' 'State and Prospects of England,' 'D'Israeli as a Leader,' are titles of some of these papers for the times. But apart from the political matter, there is the usual variety of historical and literary subjects, of which the following are the most worthy of note.

*Blackwood* opens with a review of Mr. Alison's 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough.' A spirited sketch is given of the life of the great hero, and his character is compared with the pictures of him drawn by Hallam, Macaulay, and Lord Mahon. It will be difficult for any one, after reading this review, to refrain from reading Mr. Alison's two volumes, heavy as his style is whenever he is not recording historical facts. But the events of Marlborough's life are so stirring and so crowded, that there is little time left for Mr. Alison's reflections.

Of Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' there is an elaborate notice, with copious extracts, the bearing of which may be gathered from the reviewer's opinion that "there is nearly as much fine poetry in Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' as in Goethe's 'Faust.'" Regret is also expressed that Longfellow has not yet found a subject worthy of his genius. 'Spanish Bull-fights,' pictorially illustrated by

Lake Price, with letter-press by Richard Fox, and 'Notes on Spain,' by G. A. Hoskins, furnish materials for a lively article on that romantic country. The other chief papers are continuations of 'My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life,' and Part II. of 'Struggles for Fame and Fortune.' The drift of the political paper is expressed in the remark that "fifteen hundred thousand regular soldiers are arrayed on the Continent ready for mutual slaughter, or awaiting the signal for their respective cabinets to direct their united hostility against any country that may have provoked their resentment. Such are the results of the revolution of 1848."

*The Dublin University Magazine* has taken up the Mirabeau correspondence, and gives a clear and a favourable account of his relations with the Court of Louis XVI. To 'John Sterling and his Biographies' an article is devoted. Of the two biographies, Hare gives the best account of the early and Carlyle of the latter years of Sterling, neither of them, the reviewer thinks, overrating his character. An able review is given of the Rev. Charles Forster's book on the 'One Primeval Language.' The author's theories are pronounced to "proceed from a fertile imagination, uncontrolled by either judgment or learning." Little importance is here attached to Mr. Forster's "philological crotchets." A brief but touching tribute is paid to the memory of Eliot Warburton, who first became known as a writer by the 'Episodes of Eastern Travel,' communicated to this magazine. Mr. Lever was then editor, and it was by his advice that he published his notes in a separate form as 'The Crescent and the Cross.' Henry Brooke, author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' 'The Fool of Quality,' and other works, is the subject of this month's 'Portrait Gallery.' 'Gustavus Vasa' was the tragedy which caused the act of George II. for licensing of plays to be passed, of which Smollett, in his History, says that "a fatal stroke was thereby given to the liberty of the press." Of Dr. Johnson's defence of Brooke, of Pope's friendship to him, and many of the literary events of that day, there are interesting notices. The magazine concludes with a review of the 'State of Ireland under Lord Clarendon,' who is represented as an upright man, but "capable of any amount of folly in his government."

Professor Creasy furnishes the first article to *Bentley's Miscellany*, a continuation of his gallery of 'Unsuccessful Great Men.' Coligni is the subject, of whom Hallam says that "his stern spirit was ever the greatest after reverses, and unconquerable save by the darkest treachery." Portraits of the noble Huguenot leader, and of his two brothers, the Cardinal de Châtillon, and D'Andelot, are prefixed. A very agreeable 'Literary Gossip with Miss Mitford' is made up from that lady's three volumes of 'Recollections.' An article on 'The Count de la Marek' gives the most important facts of his published memoir and correspondence. Coke's 'Ride over the Rocky Mountains' suggests a paper on 'Oregon, California, and the Sandwich Islands.' 'The Dream-Ladder, a Fairy Tale,' 'Notes and Anecdotes on Crocodiles,' 'A Glance at Doncaster Races,' and other varieties, make up the *Miscellany* of the month.

*Fraser* begins with a political paper on 'Mr. D'Israeli as Leader and Legislator.' The closing article, on 'The State of England,' will be read with deep interest at the present time. A series of papers on 'Romantic Fables and Popular Superstitions,' commences with 'Dragons,' of which the literary traditions and history are recorded. The idea of these papers is after Sir Thomas Browne's 'Vulgar Errors,' in the sifting of which by science and learning there is always much amusement. In an article on 'Modern History and other matters at Cambridge,' the writer has some smart remarks on the spirit of the university and studies, with praise of Sir James Stephen, both when he is right and when he is wrong. Mr. Cyrus Redding contributes reminiscences of the late J. M. W. Turner. Mr. Kingsley's tale, 'Hypatia,' 'The Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand,' and 'The History of the Hungarian War,' are continued.

*The Gentleman's Magazine* contains the second part of the 'Wanderings of an Antiquary,' by Mr.



Thomas Wright, referring to Roman cities on the Welsh border. A learned paper on 'King Alfred and his Place in History,' is suggested by the work of Dr. Pauli of Berlin. A curious and amusing 'Paper on Puppets' is given by Dr. John Doran. Of Stothard the painter there is a biographical and critical notice. Some letters of Mrs. Piozzi to Mr. Cadell, publisher of her 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' are now first published. A letter is also given of Lord Byron, denying the authorship of the 'Vampire,' which was advertised as his in the *Literary Gazette* of 24th April, 1819. We think this letter, addressed to the editor of 'Galignani's Messenger,' must have been published before; part of it we are sure we have read in print. The correspondence, reviews, notices, obituary, and other contents of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' present their usual fulness and variety.

In *Tait's Magazine* as much prominence is given to social and economical as to literary and political questions. There are articles on the 'Manchester Education Scheme,' on the 'Moral Condition of the Colliery Population,' and on the 'Health of London during the year of the Great Exhibition.' 'A Shopkeeper's reply to Blackwood's Magazine,' in which his class was addressed, defends the principles, and records the results of free-trade. A second article on the origin of the 'Cape Difficulties,' treats of the Cape Natal colony. In the reviews of the literature of the day, 'Reade's Poems,' Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,' and 'Up-ham's Life of Washington,' are the books noticed at most length. A great number of minor publications are noticed, generally with more cleverness than discrimination.

*Sharpe's London Magazine* has some very pleasing papers this month. 'Impressions of England in the autumn of 1851, from letters and memoranda of Frederika Bremer,' alone would give high value to the number. There is a freshness and originality in the descriptions and remarks which will make them be read with much interest. 'A Chapter on the Robin,' by H. G. Adams, combines literary and rural associations delightfully together. A review of T. Wright's 'Narrations of Sorcery and Magic,' presents some strange stories. Miss Jane Strickland contributes a translation from A. Dumas, of 'Fête days at St. Petersburg.' There are several other good papers, and a beautiful engraving, after Westall, of 'Venus and the Boar,' forms the frontispiece, there being also a vignette of Chepstow Castle.

*The British Journal*, a new periodical commenced in January of this year, contains various papers by well-known writers, most of whose names appear. Most of the tales were begun in the previous number, as 'Harry Coverdale's Courtship,' by Frank Fairleigh; 'The Country Post-office,' 'The Canker Worm,' by W. Dalton. The first paper is on an amusing subject, but not so much is made of it as might have been, 'The Literature of the Streets.' W. H. Harrison furnishes a poetical 'Legend of St. Anthony,' a satirical account of the cold-water cure; and Charles Swain, a song on 'the Cherry Tree.' There is also a light novel by Alfred E. Cole. The number closes with a short notice of 'the literature of the month.'

Under the name of *The Leisure Hour*, a very instructive and entertaining miscellany has been commenced under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society. It is published in weekly numbers and monthly parts, the first of which, for January, gives a favourable idea of the plan and contents of the work. For all classes and kinds of readers there is suitable provision, and without anything narrow or sectarian. A moral and Christian tone pervades the journal, as is the purpose of its originators. The selections are varied and judiciously made, and some of the original articles are ably written. The first articles of the five numbers which have appeared will show the variety of the contents:—'The Accommodation Bill'—'Shades of the Departed in Old London: 1. Richard Baxter'—'The King and People of Dahomey'—'A Dog Town in the Prairies'—'Gladiatorial Combats.' The work is much in the style of 'The Saturday Magazine' of former years.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arthur's (W.) *Successful Merchant*, 2nd edition, cloth, 5s.  
Aubrey's *Leisure Minutes*; or, *Lines on Various Themes*, 5s.  
Baird's (J. S. S.) *Classical Manual*, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
Balfour's *English Literature from 14th to 18th centuries*, 7s.  
Bancroft's *History of American Revolution*, Vol. 1, cl., 15s.  
Beasley's *Druggist's Receipt Book*, second edition, cl., 6s.  
Candlish's *Exposition of the Book of Genesis*, Vol. 2, cl., 6s.  
Chalmers' *Notes, Thoughts, and Inquiries*, 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.  
Elliott's (Ebenezer) *Memoirs*, by J. Searle, cloth, 6s. 6d.  
Ferne's (Rev. J.) *Fraternal Memorial*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Forsyth's *History of Trial by Jury*, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
Hoblyn's *Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine*, 12mo, 10s.  
Hogg's *Poems*, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
Humming Birds' *Keepsake*, folio, £1 11s. 6d.  
Mangnall's *Questions*, by Wright, new edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d.  
Neale's (Rev. E.) *Riches that bring no Sorrow*, 12mo, 6s.  
Percival's (W.) *Lameness of the Horse*, vol. 4, part 2, 18s.  
Roebuck's (J. R.) *History of the Whig Ministry*, 2 vols., 28s.  
Ruth Garnett, an *Historical Tale*, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.  
Sharpe's *History of Egypt*, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 16s.  
Sheppard's *Theophrasti Characteres*, &c., 8vo, 10s. 6d.  
Short Stories, by C. Elizabeth, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Thorpe's (B.) *Northern Mythology*, 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, 24s.  
Turner's (S.) *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, 3 vols., 36s.  
Zinke's *Thoughts about the School of the Future*, 7s.

## CHARADES BY THE LATE W. M. PRAED, ESQ.

MISS MITFORD, in her 'Literary Recollections,' gives some specimens of poetical charades by Mr. Praed, the most successful composer of lyrical *jeux d'esprit* of this kind. In the review of her work, by our contemporary, 'The Athenæum,' the two following charades are quoted, the latter of which, Miss Mitford says, is still a mystery to her, and proposes a solution to her readers:—

## I.

"Come from my *First*, ay, come!  
The battle dawn is nigh;  
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum  
Are calling thee to die!  
Fight as thy father fought;  
Fall as thy father fell;  
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;  
So; forward and farewell!

"Toll ye my *Second*! toll!  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
Beneath the silent night!  
The wreath upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed.  
So,—take him to his rest!

"Call ye my *Whole*, ay, call,  
The lord of lute and lay;  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day;  
Go, call him by his name!  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

## II.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,—  
Sooth 'twas an awful day!  
And though in that old age of sport  
The rufflers of the camp and court  
Had little time to pray,  
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there  
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My *First* to all the brave and proud  
Who see to-morrow's sun;  
My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud  
To those who find their dewy shroud  
Before to-day's be done;  
And both together to all blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

We have received from a correspondent the following poetical solution of the two charades in one:—

"No more we hear the sentry's heavy tramp  
Around the precincts of the drowsy camp;  
All now is hush'd in calm and sweet repose,  
And peaceful is the lovely evening's close;  
Save when the village chimes the hours forthtell,  
Or parting souls demand the passing bell.  
Would I could grasp a *Campbell's* lyric pen!  
I then might justice do to 'arms and men,'  
And sing the well-fought field of Agincourt,  
Where, hand to hand, mix'd in the bloody sport,  
The hosts of France, vain of superior might,  
By English valour were o'erthrown in fight,  
And bade to fame and fortune long *Good Night*."

## THE MUMMY IN ST. STEPHEN'S CRYPT.

WE noticed at the time the discovery of the remains of the ecclesiastic built into the wall of the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. The workmen came upon it while removing part of the wall necessary to the alterations and restorations going on in connexion with the new Houses of

Parliament. The body was found, with the feet to the east, on the right-hand of the altar, a situation only given to personages of distinction. It was wrapped closely in linen, and carefully tied up. An oaken pastoral staff lay across the body, diagonally, from the left shoulder to the right foot, the stem cusped, and the head adorned with foliage. The staff did not indicate any particular ecclesiastical office. There was no coffin or other enclosure, but wrapped in the linen shroud the body was surrounded by the rubble masonry of the wall. It is therefore supposed to have been deposited there when the edifice was erected or subsequently repaired. But whether then first buried, or only translated from a previous resting-place, cannot be known. St. Stephen's Chapel, first founded by King Stephen, was rebuilt in 1347, by Edward III., and a dean, with a large body of clergy, appointed to serve in it. In modern times the crypt was made the Speaker's refectory, and has been used for his official dinners. The discovery caused for a time much curiosity among antiquaries, and many conjectures were made as to the owner of the body. The only suggestion for which plausible arguments have been adduced is, that the body is that of William Lyndwolfe, Bishop of St. David's, and Keeper of the Privy Seal, who founded a chantry in the chapel of St. Stephen, by deed, in 1446. In the patent roll of 32 Henry IV., m. 4, there is an entry of a licence from the King to Lyndwolfe's executors for the foundation of the chantry, and the service of two perpetual chaplains, to celebrate masses for the King, and his consort, Margaret Queen of England, and for their souls when they shall die; and 'also for the soul of the aforesaid bishop, whose body lies buried in the said under chapel,' &c. A deputation from the Society of Antiquaries having obtained permission to examine the body, it was unrolled in the presence of Mr. Barry and some of the public officers of the house. The body was found in remarkably good preservation, and appeared to be that of a man advanced in life. The general opinion was in favour of the remains being those of the Bishop of St. David's, but of this no additional evidence has been brought forward.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE course of Lectures to Working Men, announced to commence on Monday, at the Government School of Mines, in Jermyn-street, has excited so much interest among the industrial classes, that applications for admission have been received from more than the theatre will accommodate. We rejoice in so auspicious a promise of the usefulness of this design. Mr. George Ransome, of Ipswich, has shown by his philanthropic zeal how much good may come of instructing the working classes in the simple uses and bearings of the natural objects and phenomena around them. Let the practical and useful applications of science be taught freely to those who have hands and hearts willing and able to profit by them. Complaint is made of the mediocre intelligence of the working people, but can it be otherwise while the best of all means of bringing the intellect to bear upon the useful appliances of life are withheld? Public teaching is what we have again and again demanded from the British Museum. When will the trustees be brought to understand that our great national institution should be maintained not so much for the gaping curiosity of the people, as for their instruction and learning?

A very interesting correspondence has taken place between Washington Irving and Mr. Bloomfield of New York, relative to the portraits of Columbus. In a letter to William C. Bryant, a summary is given of the previous correspondence, and of Washington Irving's opinion on the subject. The portrait hitherto most esteemed is that in the Lonja, or Royal Exchange, at Seville. It is shown that this is not authentic, being far younger than Columbus could have been when known to fame, and having a full white ruff, a fashion first introduced from Flanders into Spain ten years after Columbus's death. Charles V. did not come to the



Peninsula till 1516. The picture may be that of Diego Columbus, his heir and successor, who was called 'the Admiral.' There are other portraits in galleries and books, but none have any proofs of being authentic. John Peschiera, a sculptor, was employed at Genoa to make a bust of him for a monument, in 1821; he discarded all existing portraits as spurious or doubtful, and guided himself by the description on record of his personal appearance. Washington Irving, in the same letter, gives some curious details concerning the name of Columbus. He was called, or signed himself at different times, Christoval Colon, Christoforo Colombo, Cristobal Colomo, and Columbus de Terra rubra, Terrarossa being his native village, near Genoa. Such variations of names were usual in those times.

Meteorology is becoming a subject of much more serious attention than it has hitherto been. In Russia, France, and England, atmospherical and aerial phenomena have for some time past been carefully observed and noted; and we learn that the Austrian government, in compliance with a request from our own, has just given orders to the numerous *savans* in different parts of the vast empire, to pay every attention to these matters, and to communicate the results. In Prussia and Belgium, also, astronomers and others have become more careful observers of the weather than heretofore. From this awakened attention to an important science, we may reasonably hope for discoveries or observations, which will be not only interesting but useful.

The artificial fecundation of fish is at present exciting great interest in France, and the government, with its usual liberality, is encouraging it with grants of money. In a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a gentleman, who has made many experiments on the subject, announced that he had succeeded in producing trout and salmon from eggs sent up to him from Mülhausen. This is the first occasion on which such a result has been arrived at (in France at least), when the eggs have been kept out of water for any length of time. Two fishermen of the department of the Vosges discovered a year or two ago the means of fecundating fish on an extensive scale, at a small expense, and their plan is being gradually brought into operation in all the rivers of France, in order to create an abundant supply of fish for the poor. The fishermen, aided by the counsels of some scientific men, are also endeavouring to domesticate in French waters fish peculiar to the rivers of Germany and the lakes of Switzerland.

A warning to authors and publishers appears in the last number of the 'Notes and Queries,' to which it may be well to give as much publicity as possible. Letters, with assumed names and addresses, have been written, asking copies of works, for which in return there will be supplied certain reviews or notices by 'influential critics.' This is one of the 'calamities of authors,' which a little consideration and common sense might have prevented. Reviewers for respectable journals are not in the habit of applying to authors or publishers for books, nor are notices obtained in such way likely to be influential.

In reference to the alleged discovery of the Columbus manuscript, of which we have taken notice in our last two papers, a correspondent points out an additional clause in some accounts of the letter written by the Admiral during the storm. He promised in writing a thousand ducats to whoever would convey safely the document to their majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. This is a point which the editor of an American newspaper would scarcely have omitted if there was any truth in the story of the discovery. It is mentioned by Washington Irving, and by Dr. Robertson, who quotes Herrera, and some other authority.

In New York there are exhibiting at present two children, said to be brought from some newly-discovered region of central America, where the natives kept them as belonging to a distinct pigmæan race, reserved as a caste of their priesthood, and employed as mimes and bacchanals in pagan worship. The girl is 29½ inches high, weighing

17lbs., the boy 33 inches, and weighing 20lbs. They call them Aztecs, and they excite considerable curiosity even among the countrymen of Mr. Barnum and Tom Thumb.

The January number of Droysen's 'Monatschrift,' among other papers of minor interest, has 'An Essay on the Legendary Poesy of the Greeks,' by G. W. Nitsch, and a review of Dennistoun's 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.' The reviewer, Herr A. V. Renmont, complains that the work is too voluminous; but he admits that Mr. Dennistoun is entitled to rank with Roscoe, Shepherd, Lord Woodhouse, and Black, and that, although not remarkable for critical acumen, he has, by a judicious selection and variations of episodes, succeeded in interesting his readers in his subject.

From the Twenty-second Annual Report of the St. Marylebone Savings' Bank, it seems that the Institution is in a prosperous condition. During the year, 2526 new deposits have been made, and 22,176 accounts remained open on the 20th of November last. Of these, 16,859 held balances averaging less than 3l. 0s. 5d. each. This shows the wide sphere in which the usefulness of the Bank is recognised, and that it is used chiefly by the classes for whom it is most beneficial. The whole balance due to depositors by this bank at the present moment is about 350,000l., as per receipt from the National Debt Office, the money being vested in Government securities. Mr. Faurey, the secretary and actuary, has drawn up a detailed statement of the accounts, which gives a favourable idea of the carefulness and zeal with which the Institution is managed.

The average gross revenue from the post office is said now to have reached the highest amount under the old system of high rates. The increase of expenditure, in which railway transit forms a large item, is so great, that it will be many years before the net income equals that of the year preceding the change. But there is little doubt that the revenue will be gradually equal to the former amount. We are glad to observe that the Association for Promoting the Cheap Ocean Postage is in active operation, and that a deputation of its leading members have lately been in communication with the Government on the subject.

A case of considerable interest has occurred at Manchester, involving the question of the relative power of coroners and of local magistrates. The police refused to give up a prisoner who was summoned to appear before the coroner's jury. A legal controversy ensued between the coroner, who is a barrister, and the advisers of the town authorities. In seeking precedents for refusing to give up the witness two cases were referred to, in one of which application had been made to the Court of Queen's Bench for a prisoner. Lord Denman and Mr. Justice Coleridge in refusing the demand, did so only on the ground of 'no necessity being made out.' Of the right of the coroner otherwise, strong opinions were given. In the other case, when Mr. Wakley demanded a prisoner from Newgate, Mr. Baron Rolfe gave his judgment, that "having considered the case, he was of opinion that the jury had the right to have the accused person before them, but as the session of the Central Criminal Court had already commenced, he thought he had no power to order the removal of a prisoner who was liable to be tried any day." In both these cases the interposition of the Court was sought after the parties were committed for trial. We think Mr. Herford, the coroner of Manchester, right in denying that they furnish any precedent in the case to which he refers, and in his published statement he takes the right legal and constitutional view of the question. There is an interest in the subject beyond its mere legal bearings. Coroners' courts are mixed up with the oldest literary and historical records of the country. By the ancient common law they, as well as the conservators of the peace, were chosen by the freeholders. In the first year of Edward III. the election of the conservators or justices of the peace was taken from the people and transferred to the crown, but that of the county coroners remained with the freeholder. Of the importance of their duties one proof is, that the

coroners' commitments for felonious homicide are to those of justices' as seven to one. Any change affecting so ancient an office is interesting to the student of history as well as of law.

The contract for the monthly mail line of steam packets to and from England and the western coast of Africa has been taken up by Mr. Macgregor Laird. The contract is for nine years, at an average annual cost of 21,000l. The vessels are to be iron-built and screw-propelled, of about 700 tons. The length of the whole voyage out and home is about nine thousand miles, the time to be occupied between fifty and sixty days. They will touch at Madeira, Teneriffe, Goree, the Gambia river, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, Lago, Calabar, Fernando Po, and five or six other intermediate points on the African coast. When this line of steamers is firmly established, we expect that the influence of regular commercial intercourse between Africa and Europe will do more than all efforts hitherto for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilization of the country. The labours of the African squadron in repressing the slave-trade has been of late very successful, to which Lord Palmerston, in his speech on the opening night of the session, made an eloquent and appropriate reference.

Amongst the *Idées Napoléoniennes* there is one we have not seen published, but of which we are informed by one who knew well the projects of the French President when in England. Some time before the Revolution of 1848, when there seemed little hope of any footing being obtained in France, it was Louis Napoleon's idea to found a kingdom in Nicaragua, and he spoke with sanguine enthusiasm of the commanding position which might be there assumed. This was before the treasures of California were revealed, and when the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was only vaguely projected. With all the faults of the President, the greatness of many of his ideas must be admitted; and with his firmness, energy, and ambition, he might have carried out plans in the New World hitherto in vain proposed since the days of Columbus and Cortes. Lack of funds prevented the purpose being executed, nor would the United States probably have quietly borne so vigorous a neighbour. It is said that now Louis Napoleon's attention is much given to Syria and the Egyptian isthmus, a project of still higher importance, and one which England will need to watch with jealous vigilance.

The speedy intelligence of the electric telegraph has ceased to excite wonder, yet it is worthy of note that the Royal Speech at the Opening of Parliament was read, from a fully printed copy, by Louis Napoleon, in the Tuileries, before the Queen got back to Windsor. In the Exchange, at Liverpool, and other public places throughout England, it was posted before three o'clock.

The unhappy discord between capital and labour continues, and no arrangement has been yet effected between the operative engineers and their employers. The Central Committee of Employers have, however, this week issued a notice that they will open their workshops on Monday to any workman willing to sign a declaration to the effect that he does not and will not belong to any association tending directly or indirectly to interfere with the mutual arrangements of masters and men, either as regards the kind of work, time, or wages. The condition itself is reasonable, though the policy of compelling a written declaration is doubtful. It is not well to accustom workmen to associated pledges.

The Prussian government have imposed on newspapers and all political periodicals a stamp-duty of half a pfenning for every 100 square inches of surface, advertising sheets without news not being excepted. A tax is also imposed on all foreign newspapers. A Prussian subject taking a newspaper or periodical published out of the country has to pay a tax of 25 per cent. of the price of the paper, exclusive of the postage, or at least two thalers a year for each journal. The books of the publishers of political papers are to be open at any time to the inspection of government officials. Besides the amount of the taxes, the arrangements



are as arbitrary as possible, in order to check political discussion and the liberty of the press.

The Austrian government has followed the example of that of France in combining the departments of public instruction, and of agriculture and commerce, with the Home Office. The system of centralization gains ground in the management of the moral as well as the physical affairs of nations.

Herr Hartleben, the publisher at Pesth and Vienna, whose meritorious efforts to familiarize his countrymen with the best works of our literature, has just published a translation of Mr. Dickens' 'Child's History of England.' A German edition of Mr. Warburton's 'Darien' is preparing for publication.

A committee, composed of six members of the House of Peers and seven of the House of Commons, has been appointed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to watch over and advance the scientific interests of the country. The committee held its first meeting on Wednesday last, at the apartments of the Royal Society, on which occasion it was presided over by Lord Wrottesley.

Lady G. Fullerton's 'Grantley Manor' is publishing in a Spanish translation at Madrid.

Frau von Knebel, the widow of the late Major Knebel, the friend of Goethe, died at Jena on the 4th January.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Jan. 23rd.—Sir John P. Boileau, Bart., Vice-President, in the chair. Professor Faraday 'On the Lines of Magnetic Force.' That beautiful system of power which is made manifest in the magnet, and which appears to be chiefly developed in the two extremities, thence called ordinarily the magnetic poles, is usually rendered evident to us in the case of a particular magnet by the attractive or repulsive effect of these parts on the corresponding parts of another magnet; and these actions have been employed, both to indicate the direction in which the magnetic force is exerted, and also the amount of the force at different distances. Thus, if the attraction be referred to, it may be observed either upon another magnet or upon a piece of soft iron; and the law which results, for effects beyond a certain distance, is, that the force is inversely as the square of the distance. When the distances of the acting bodies from each other is small, then this law does not hold, either for the surface of the magnets or for any given point within them. Mr. Faraday proposes to employ a new method, founded upon a property of the magnetic forces different from that producing attraction or repulsion, for the purpose of ascertaining the direction, intensity, and amount of these forces, not to the displacement of the former method, but to be used in conjunction with it: and he thinks it may be highly influential in the further development of the nature of this power, inasmuch as the principle of action, though different, is not less magnetic than attraction and repulsion, not less strict, and the results not less definite. The term *line of magnetic force* is intended to express simply the direction of the force in any given place, and not any physical idea or notion of the manner in which the force may be there exerted; as by actions at a distance, or pulsations, or waves, or a current, or what not. A line of magnetic force may be defined to be that line which is described by a very small magnetic needle, when it is so moved in either direction correspondent to its length, that the needle is constantly a tangent to the line of motion; or, it is that line along which, if a transverse wire be moved in either direction, there is no tendency to the formation of an electric current in the wire, whilst if moved in any other direction there is such a tendency. The direction of these lines about and between ordinary magnets is easily represented in a general manner by the well-known use of iron filings. The method of recognising and taking account of these lines of force which is proposed, and was illustrated by experiments during the evening, is to collect and measure the electricity set into motion in the moving transverse wire; a process entirely different in its nature

and action to that founded on the use of a magnetic needle. That it may be advantageously employed, excellent conductors are required; and therefore those proceeding from the moving wire to the galvanometer were of copper 0.2 of an inch in thickness, and as short as was convenient. The galvanometer, also, instead of including many hundred convolutions of a long fine wire, consisted only of about 48 or 50 inches of such wire as that described above, disposed in two double coils about the astatic needle: and that used in the careful research contained only 20 inches in length of a copper bar 0.2 of an inch square. These galvanometers showed effects thirty, forty, or fifty times greater than those constructed with fine wire; so abundant is the quantity of electricity produced by the intersections of the lines of magnetic force, though so low in intensity. The lines of force already described will, if observed by iron filings or a magnetic needle or otherwise, be found to start off from one end of a bar magnet, and after describing curves of different magnitudes through the surrounding space, to return to and set on at the other end of the magnet; and these forces being regular, it is evident that if a ring, a little larger than the magnet, be carried from a distance towards the magnet and over one end until it has arrived at the equatorial part, it will have intersected *once* all the external lines of force of that magnet. Such rings were soldered on to fitly shaped conductors connected with the galvanometer, and the deflections of the needle observed for one, two, or more such motions or intersections of the lines of force: it was stated that when every precaution was taken, and the results at the galvanometer carefully observed, the effect there was sensibly proportionate for small or moderate arcs to the number of times the loop or ring had passed over the pole. In this way, not only could the definite actions of the intersecting wire be observed and established, but also one magnet could be compared to another; wires of different thickness and of different substances could be compared; and also the sections described by the wire in its journey could be varied. When the wire was the same in length, diameter, and substance, no matter what its course was across the lines of force, whether direct or oblique, near to or far from the poles of the magnet, the result was the same. A compound bar magnet was so fitted up that it could revolve on its axis, and a broad circular copper ring was fixed on it at the middle distance or equator, so as to give a cylindrical exterior at that place. A copper wire being made fast to this ring within, then proceeded to the middle of the magnet, and afterwards along its axis and out at one end. A second wire, touched, by a spring contact, the outside of the copper ring, and was then continued outwards six inches, after which it rose and finally turned over the upper pole towards the first wire, and was attached to a cylinder insulated from but moving round it. This cylinder and the wire passing through it were connected with the galvanometer so that the circuit was complete; but that circuit had its course down the middle of the magnet, then outwards at the equator and back again on the outside, and whilst always perfect, allowed the magnet to be rotated without the external part of the circuit, or the latter without the magnet, or both together. When the magnet and external wire were revolved together, as one arrangement fixed in its parts, there was no effect at the galvanometer, however long the rotation was continued. When the magnet with the internal wire made four revolutions, as the hand of a watch, the outer conductor being still, the galvanometer needle was deflected 35° or 40° in one direction: when the magnet was still, and the outer wire made four revolutions as the hands of a watch, the galvanometer needle was deflected as much as before in the *contrary* direction; and in the more careful experiments the amount of deflection for four revolutions was precisely the same, whatever the course of the external wire, either close to or far from the pole of the magnet. Thus it was shown, that when the magnet and the wire revolved in the same direction, contrary currents of electricity, exactly equal to each other, tended

to be produced; that those outside resulted from the intersection by the outer wire of the lines of magnetic force external to the magnet; that wherever this intersection was made the result was the same; and that there were corresponding lines of force within the magnet, exactly equal in force or amount to those without, but in the contrary direction. That in fact every line of magnetic force is a closed curve, which in some part of its course, passes through the magnet to which it belongs. In the foregoing cases the lines of force, belonging as they did to small systems, rapidly varied in intensity according to their distance from the magnet, by what may be called their divergence. The earth, on the contrary, presents us, within the limits of one action at any one time, a field of equal force. The dipping needle indicates the direction or polarity of this force; and if we work in a plane perpendicular to the dip, then the number or amount of the lines of force experimented with will be in proportion to the area which our apparatus may include. Wires were therefore formed into parallelograms, inclosing areas of various extent, as one square foot, or nine square feet, or any other proportion, and being fixed upon axes equidistant from two of the sides could have these axes adjusted perpendicular to the line of dip and then be revolved. A commutator was employed and associated, both with the galvanometer and the parallelograms, so that the upper part of the revolving wire always sent the current induced in it in the same direction. Here it was found that rotation in one direction gave one electric current; that rotation in the reverse direction gave the contrary current; that the effect at the galvanometer was proportionate to the number of rotations with the same rectangle; that with different sized rectangles of the same wire the effect was proportionate to the area of the rectangle, *i. e.* the number of curves intersected, &c. &c. The vicinity of other magnets to this magnet made no difference in the effect provided they were not moved during the experiments; and in this manner the non-interference of such magnets with that under investigation was fully established. All these and other results are more fully stated and proved in papers now before the Royal Society. The general conclusions are, that the magnetic lines of force may be easily recognised and taken account of by the moving wire, both as to *direction* and *intensity*, within metals, iron or magnets, as well as in the space around; and that the wire sums up the action of many lines in one result: That the lines of forces well represent the *nature, condition, direction, and amount* of the magnetic forces: that the effect is directly as the number of lines of force intersected, whether the intersection be direct or oblique: that in a field of equal force, it is directly as the *velocity*, or as the *length* of the moving wire, or as the *mass* of the wire: that the external power of an unchangeable magnet is *definite* yet *illimitable* in extent; and that any section of all the lines of force is equal to any other section: that the lines of force within the magnet are equal to those without; and that they are continuous with those without, the lines of force being closed curves.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 4th.—W. F. Cooke, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Glaisher 'On the Philosophical Instruments and Processes of the Exhibition.' Mr. Glaisher commenced his lecture by a comparison of the list of desiderata put forth by Dr. Playfair, with that of the instruments actually reported on by the jury of Class X, which showed that this department of the Exhibition was far from representing really the state of science. The several sections of that Class were gone through *seriatim*, the most worthy instruments in each having a notice more or less detailed. 1. Astronomical instruments. Simms's very beautiful and original contrivances for illuminating the wires of a telescope—Rosse's large equatorial methods of illumination and their progressive improvement being explained by the aid of diagrams. 2. Electrical instruments. Sheppard's clock was spoken of in high terms as a real addition to horo-



logy. Mr. Glaisher detailed the American application of the telegraph to astronomical observations: in this method the observation is recorded, not by counting the seconds, and while still observing, noting in writing the times, but by simply pressing a stop. In the case of stations as far apart as Washington and Cincinnati, it was found necessary to determine whether any time was taken up by the passage of the electric fluid through the wire, and it was discovered that it travels at the rate of 12,000 miles in a second. These experiments are still in progress. 3. Nautical instruments. A fine collection from America, by Ericsson; also, a highly ingenious compass, by St. John, in which the effect of local disturbance (from chain cable, &c.) can be distinguished from that caused by general magnetic change. The want of an instrument of this kind was said to have caused the failure of the Lopez expedition. 4. Surveying instruments. Very beautiful ones were sent from Russia and Austria. 5. Optical instruments. The telescopes were few, but good. Buraud's lens of rock crystal, Wray's fluid object-glasses, and Chance's 20-inch object-glass, were noticed with approval. It was hoped that some one might be found to share with Messrs. Chance the risk of failure in grinding this monster glass. The progress of England in this section is highly satisfactory. We are, thanks to the removal of the odious glass tax, fast rivalling Paris and Munich. The thermometers and barometers, the photographs and calotypes, and certain applications of the electrotypes, by Mr. Hetherington Henry, were next noticed. In the former, the 'maximum thermometer' of Negretti and Zambra was particularly praised, and one of the instruments was shown by the inventor. The lecturer explained the very ingenious barometers and pressure gauges of M. Bourdon. Photography is beginning to be applied to the recording of astronomical observations: this is due to Mr. Brooke. This apparatus was shown by diagrams, and its excellence borne testimony to by Mr. Glaisher.

ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 29th.—Captain W. H. Smyth, Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Squier, the American antiquary and ethnologist, was elected an honorary fellow. Mr. C. Roach Smith presented, for Mr. Burgess, to the Society's Museum, a cinerary urn, discovered in Canterbury. Mr. Smith at the same time offered to contribute specimens of Roman fictile ware, as illustrative of the industrial arts in Britain, an offer which he had already made to the director of the Museum of Practical Geology, which, however, had not been accepted. Mr. Cave Jones, in a note to Mr. Akerman, the resident secretary, communicated an account of the finding of a Roman pig of lead in the parish of Snead, in Shropshire, inscribed IMP. HADRIANI. AVG.

Mr. Wright communicated a letter by Mr. Thompson, describing some Roman remains discovered in Leicester in the last autumn, on a spot supposed to have been the site of a suburban villa. The first portion of a memoir by Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, was then read, 'On a Tablet of Ramesses the Second, relating to the Gold Mines of Ethiopia.' This tablet had been engraved and described by M. Prisse, who, however, had offered no explanation of the inscription, a deficiency which the present memoir was intended to supply. The inscription commences with the usual high-sounding titles of the king, and a description of his recording the amount of gold sent from Ethiopia to Egypt. It shows that the mines in the neighbourhood of *Kouban* had failed to supply the usual quantity of metal, and that a representation had been made by the native chiefs of the sufferings of the miners for want of water. The king is supplicated to make a reservoir, and this is backed by the Prince of Ethiopia, who states that the beasts of burden had perished for want of water in attempting to cross the desert. A copy of the tablet published by M. Prisse was exhibited, and also a series of paper impressions sent by M. de Longperier, taken from the pedestal of a statue in the Louvre at Paris, and a tracing of the inscrip-

tion removed by the Duke of Northumberland from Samneh, presented by his Grace to the British Museum. This last records the number of slaves belonging to Amenophis the Third.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Jan. 27th.—J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair. The discussion was renewed 'On the Alluvial Formations and the Local Changes of the South Eastern Coast of England,' by Mr. J. B. Redman, and many of the views stated by the author in the paper were further argued. The paper read was a 'Description of a Cast Iron Viaduct erected at Manchester, forming part of the Joint Station of the London and North Western, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways,' by Mr. A. S. Jee. The object of this structure was to obtain increased accommodation for the goods station of the two companies, which was formed on brick arches, at a level of about 30 feet above the adjacent streets, the arches themselves being used as goods warehouses, and the communication between the two levels being effected by means of hoists. This extension was 700 feet long and 36 feet wide, and as it was necessary that it should cover, without interfering with, the lines of way on the low level, a row of Doric columns, of cast iron, surmounted by an entablature forming the inclosure of the station, was arranged, each about 20 feet apart from centre to centre, on the outer boundary of the space to be occupied, and on these one end of a transverse cast-iron girder was placed, the other end being supported by the brick arching. To the transverse girders, longitudinal cast-iron girders, one to each rail, were attached, and to these half balks of Memel timber were bolted, the whole being planked with 3-inch deals, on which three lines of way, and an ample supply of turn-tables for working the traffic, were laid.

To effect a communication between this station and a warehouse belonging to the Sheffield Company, Store-street had to be crossed, which was done by means of wrought-iron girders, 68 feet clear span, of peculiar construction. The top part of these girders consisted of a cylindrical tube, 2 feet in diameter, made of boiler plate half inch thick: the middle web was 3 feet 6 inches in depth, and formed of plates 5-16ths of an inch thick; the bottom flange was 20 inches in width, and at the centre was composed of three plates, each 3-8ths of an inch thick, diminished to one plate at the ends. These girders were each tested with a weight of 60 tons at the centre, when the deflection was not found to exceed one inch.

The whole of the cast-iron work was of Stirling's Toughened Iron, by which a saving, in weight, of about one-fourth of the quantity that would have been necessary with ordinary iron, was effected, without any diminution in the absolute strength. Messrs. Robinson and Russell were the contractors, and they had most satisfactorily performed the work, the total cost of which, including twenty-one turn-tables, was under 14,000*l.*, or about 20*l.* per lineal foot.

LINNEAN.—Feb. 3rd.—Robert Brown, Esq., President, in the chair. Baron Müller, Mr. John Drew Salmon, and Mr. William Wing, were elected Fellows. The President, in conformity with the by-laws, declared three vacancies in the list of foreign members, occasioned by the deaths of Professor Ledebour, M. Savigny, and Professor Wahlenberg, and the following gentlemen were proposed in their stead—viz., Alexander Braun, Professor of Botany in the University of Berlin, Anders Retzius, Professor of Anatomy, and Keeper of the Anatomical Museum at Stockholm, and Francis Unger, M.D., Professor of Botany at Vienna. The Secretary announced the donation of the Herbarium of the late William Withering, Esq., M.D., F.L.S., author of 'The Botanical Arrangement of British Plants,' &c., presented by his grandson, Beriah Botfield, Esq., F.R.S.; and the especial thanks of the Society were ordered to be presented to Mr. Botfield for his valuable present. The paper read was, 'Further Observations on the genus *Anthophorabia*,' by George Newport, Esq., F.R.S.

KILKENNY ARCHAEOLOGICAL.—This Society held its third annual meeting in the great room at the Tholsel in Kilkenny, on Wednesday, Jan. 7, under the presidency of the Right Hon. W. F. Tighe, lieutenant of the county, with a numerous and respectable attendance. The report of the past year showed that the Society was in a prosperous condition, with a considerable accession of new members. Many interesting articles of antiquity were exhibited before the meeting, and explained verbally, or in written communication, among which we will enumerate a few of the more remarkable. A die, or matrix, for fabricating the seals of forged papal bulls, an article which seems to have been largely used in the middle ages, and of which more than one example has been found in these islands, was exhibited by Mr. Glascott, of Clonatin. It was found in the ruins of Dunbrody abbey. The Rev. Mr. Graves, the Secretary, read an interesting paper on 'Ancient Tapestries,' in illustration of some fine examples from Kilkenny castle, exhibited on this occasion by the Marquis of Ormonde. Several papers on the popular legends of different parts of the county, or on what recent writers on such subjects have designated as 'folk-lore,' were also read, some of them very curious; but they are too long for us to give them in detail, and they hardly admit of abridgment. One of these was a legendary account of the origin of the small Loch Cuillin. Another was a paper on 'Some curious points in Irish popular Mythology,' by Mr. O'Kearney. A rather singular instance of the manner in which individual antiquities have sometimes been preserved, was told by Mr. W. R. Blackett, of Ballyne, who wrote to inform the Society of the existence of a very curious and ancient fictile vessel, preserved by a farmer at Castletown, near Piltown, but said to have been originally found in a raft, in the county of Tipperary. He described it as "made of a hard, coarse kind of earthenware, which has a ringing, metallic sound when struck. In shape it is nearly a globe, but somewhat lengthened, and terminating with a circumference of about twelve inches. It is six feet ten inches in circumference at the largest part, and three feet ten inches about the mouth, which has a projecting rim of about two inches. In height it is 3 feet. It is as regular and smooth as if turned in a lathe, and it has only two cracks, extending but a short way from the mouth. The substance is about one inch thick. It is in the possession of a tenant of Mr. Villiers Stuart, and is said to have been in the family more than two hundred years since it was dug up. It is used for holding water." It is not stated whether this relic was regarded with any particular reverence by the possessor. Dr. Acquilla Smith and Mr. Prim communicated papers on the 'Kilkenny Tokens,' which furnished curious and not unimportant illustrations of the history of Kilkenny. Mr. Prim's paper, which was compiled in a great measure from the archives of the corporation, was especially valuable. Other papers related to the 'Ogham Controversy'—to those singular and mysterious monuments of primeval antiquity, the pillar stones in Queen's County, which Mr. D. Byrne, the author of this paper, supposes to have marked the retreat of the Alomonians, as told by the Four Masters, and on some recent discoveries made in the county of Wexford. With regard to the latter, Mr. J. C. Tuomey forwarded information respecting the discovery of a perfect skull and set of antlers of the red deer, near Bannow, dug up either in the mud-lands, or in a canal cut by the Board of Works, when draining the saltwater lough of Ballyteigue. He was informed that other remains of the same species have also been met with, which were found when deepening the bed of a small river which empties itself into the canal. "They tell me," he said, "that in one instance the entire skeleton was found. The vestige noticed by me is in a perfect state of preservation, and the tynes very sharp-pointed." Mr. Tuomey also stated that the remains of trees *in situ*, and portions of framed timber work, had been discovered in the now submerged lands at Ballyteigue, proving the subsidence



of the land level, or the elevation of the sea along this portion of the coast. Other papers were furnished by the Corporation records and other original documents preserved in the county; and these latter were of so much interest, that during the meeting a proposal was made and agreed to, that a subscription list should be opened by the Society, for the express purpose of publishing an annual volume of original documents, independent of the volume of the transactions of the Society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(C. B. Mansfield, Esq., on the Chemistry of the Metals.)  
 — Geographical, 8½ p.m., at the Royal Institution.  
 — (Lieut. Pim, R.N., on his return from St. Petersburg.—Mr. Petermann, on Distribution of Arctic Animal Life.—Rev. D. Livingston, and Cotton Oswell, Esq., on late important African Discoveries.)  
 — British Architects, 8 p.m.  
 — School of Mines—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)—(Lecture to Working Men, 8 p.m.)
- Tuesday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. W. T. Jones, on Animal Physiology.)  
 — Medical and Chirurgial, 8½ p.m.  
 — Civil Engineers, 8½ p.m.—(Mr. W. B. Adams, on the Construction and Duration of the Permanent Way of Railways, and the modifications most suitable for Egypt, India, &c.)  
 — Zoological, 9 p.m.  
 — Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(Prof. Grotefend, on the Builders of the Palaces of Khorsabad and Koyunjik.)  
 — School of Mines—(Mechanics, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Wednesday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(C. B. Mansfield, Esq., on the Chemistry of the Metals.)  
 — Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Mr. H. Hensman, on Civil Engineering and Machinery generally.)  
 — London Institution, 7 p.m.  
 — Graphic, 8 p.m.  
 — Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(A continuation of Dr. Daniell's Paper on the Ethnography of Akkrah and Adampé, with a Comparative Vocabulary of the Akkrah, Adampé, and Kreepé languages.)  
 — Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.  
 — Literary Fund, 3 p.m.  
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)
- Thursday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Rev. J. Barlow, on the Physical Principles of the Steam Engine.)  
 — Royal, 8½ p.m.  
 — Antiquaries, 8 p.m.  
 — R. S. Literature, 4 p.m.  
 — School of Mines—(Mechanics, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)
- Friday.**—Astronomical, 3 p.m.—(Anniversary.)  
 — Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(W. R. Grove, Esq., on the Heating Effects of Electricity and Magnetism.)  
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Saturday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. Brande, on some of the Arts connected with Organic Chemistry.)  
 — Medical, 8 p.m.  
 — Royal Botanic, 3½ p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

SLOWLY, but we hope steadily, this Exhibition is emerging from the shell of its original obscurity, and by degrees expanding into a valuable and useful institution. Two years ago it was first projected, chiefly, we believe, by the exertions of the Architectural Association of London, and, beginning with a few drawings and designs, it now numbers a collection of 500 subjects, besides a variety of models and specimens of building and ornamental materials. On this occasion the time of its opening has been judiciously chosen earlier in the season; and its site fixed in a more frequented, though less distinguished, locality,—Regent-street being doubtless more likely to contribute visitors than Pall-Mall. Moreover this is the first year in which an entrance fee has been resolved upon, the free admission having been found, as was predicted, rather detrimental than otherwise to its success with the public. These improvements are a good sign of progress; but, however desirable, they are only secondary, and will obviously be insufficient of themselves to advance the undertaking to any great extent, without vigorous support from the leading architects, and a contribution of works of the first class. Nothing short of this will render it what it should be—a school of comparison and emulation,

and an index of public taste. Two things we are desirous to know, and an Architectural Exhibition should be able to tell us—namely, what our architects can really do, and what the public is actually in want of. Were these desirable ends accomplished, the questions about which thinking men are so much at variance in these days—as to whether there ought to be, or can be, a modern English School of Architecture; whether a new Order is possible or not; and, if so, whether it is to be developed by the Anglo-Saxon race, and in a northern climate,—propositions of this sort, which the Great Exhibition was expected to have thrown light upon, but did not, might then be in a fair train for resolving themselves. But for the present such results must be classed amongst the 'Pleasures of Hope.' The contributions of the best names have hitherto been little else than abandoned studies; some of them perfect marvels of correct drawing, but suggestive rather of the pupil-room than the studio; whilst public taste must be owned to have had very slight influence upon the mass of the productions. We may instance one exception—that of country churches. The popularity of a certain style in this extensive sort of building is too self-evident to be overlooked or denied. And a most cheering symptom this is, of a taste that is working out its own way towards perfection, founded upon religious feelings which are at once national and earnest—a noble motive, honestly and artistically expressed. Indeed, we consider the best hopes for the real advance of the science in the country at the present day are to be found in the marvellous progress of taste in church building, the rise of which dates from within a very few years back, and has displayed itself as much in remote districts as in the capital itself. In the present Exhibition one of the earliest drawings is a *View of St. Andrew's Chapel, near Otley, in Yorkshire* (2 and 132), erected for Lady Frankland Russell, by Mr. E. B. Lamb, who has exhibited five or six others, generally of excellent design. The present example has a few unusual features, and apparently is intended for a wild and open district, where stone is plentiful, and strength rather than decoration is sought for. It would seem at any rate to suit such a situation extremely well; and rarely has so solid and yet picturesque an effect been produced with such very simple materials. Invention is always prominent in this gentleman's works, and the great variety of resources at his command, both of construction and ornament, is very noticeable. In the *Church to be erected at Aldwick, near York* (36), there is a little departure from ecclesiastical style in the doorways and lower windows, which seem better adapted to a house, particularly where a coat of arms appears over one of the doors. *The Consumption Hospital, Brompton* (7 and 324), is a feature of great interest, and a beautiful object; indeed all these churches well repay inspection. Of the same class of merit are the works of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, also principally churches. The design submitted in competition for *King's College Hospital* (65 and 157), is perhaps of too refined a style for such a building; at any rate the embattled masks with which the gables are finished, have a clumsy appearance, and they are a feature of architecture whose use and significance are always questionable. Among some other designs of the same class may be noticed that for a *New Church, Cockermouth* (64), by William Hill, which has, however, the fault of being unduly loaded with crocketed pinnacles, which give it a fretted appearance; an ambitious design for the *Street Front of a Town Church* (52), by George Truefitt, which shares, with a *Design for a Church* (171), by William Webbe, the fault of great weight and heaviness in the lower members, so that the whole looks sunk and 'plumped down,' a treatment into which not a few designers have fallen in the desire to produce variety and picturesqueness, but which is only suited to small designs in situations where everything is sacrificed to pictorial effect, and even then is doubtful in character. No. 48, *A Church*, by John Nicholls, is quite an innovation, founded on a system of semicircular arches in Romanesque style, valuable as a suggestion, but

not likely to become popular. *The Church of St. Cross, Rusholme, near Manchester* (149), entirely constructed of terra cotta, by Messrs. Sharpe and Paley, deserves notice both as to design and construction. To turn from ecclesiastical designs, we find one of the most important studies of the whole in the splendid design for *Metropolitan Baths* (1 and 186), by Arthur Allom. This interior bears with it a character of great magnificence. On the four sides of an oblong bath, the length of which is about three times its breadth, runs a massive arcade of heavy basement arches, interrupted only at four places of entrance, where the arcade turns at right angles, and is continued down the entrance passages. Above this runs a gallery, on the fronts of which are ornamental friezes and bas-reliefs. From the gallery rise the eight supports of the roof, consisting of three domes. The central dome rests upon semicircular arches springing from the four central piers, which are larger than the rest, being of solid masonry, flanked on each of their four sides with two Corinthian pillars of scagliola or coloured marble; whilst the four outer piers at the corners of the oblong are only groups of the same pillars taken four together. Along the gallery, and between the piers, stand large ornamental lamps, and decorations of massive character appear in the vaulting of the roof. Space forbids our entering into further detail. We will only add, that the exterior appears to have been less considered than the inside, and the drawing of the latter is manifestly incomplete. The great *Design for Rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge, and throwing open the west front of St. Paul's* (11), by Ashpitel, which was exhibited in the Academy of last year, appears here again—one of the most important features in the room, both as to the extent and costliness of the undertaking. *The View of the New Town Hall and Market Buildings, Tunstall, Staffordshire* (32), by Henry Ward, Jun., which has been approved, is an elegant design, which suffers, however, from its position, being placed in immediate contact with buildings of the same height, with which it does not harmonize. The campanile also appears to have a cornice of brackets in the upper part in 'false concord' with the general elevation. The proposed *Bridge over the Aron at Clifton* (86), by Charles Fowler, may indeed combine many advantages of usefulness with the means of public recreation, and we can imagine the views from the projected structure to be grand in the extreme; but the edifice is, in general appearance, such as we should be sorry to see, with its enormously heavy proportions blocking up the fair valley, and extinguishing every natural beauty, without substituting any acquired ones of its own. *The Roof on the Top* (87) is also supported by pillars of the Hungerford Market type, with square blocks between the apparent capital of the column and the spring of the arch, giving the appearance of an after-insertion for the sake of raising the roof—a positive error of construction, as we have always thought. Nor has Mr. Fowler been more successful with the *Design for the Dundee Arch* (90), which is tricked out with battlements and turrets in a manner almost ludicrous. But other competitors for this last-named structure have been equally unfortunate; indeed, a fatality seems to attend every attempt beyond the routine of ordinary structure. The Exhibition presents no more signal failures than the *Designs for a Monument to Sir Robert Peel*. *The Gothic Cross* (25), by Gabriel and Hirst, would better suit an antiquary like Sir Walter Scott, than a statesman of the nineteenth century. No. 46, by the same, has a giddy look, as if its type had been the mast and round top of a seventy-four. *The Salford Monument* (116), by Nicholls, is perhaps the best, though rather sepulchral in style, and what do the stags represent? Mr. George Truefitt's iron shrine (335), with the declaiming figure, is intolerable; and lastly, the daring novelty of M. Horeau (264, No. 2), though modern, ingenious, and inventive, is such a fantastic piece of *bizarrie* as no one would think seriously of erecting in England. The subject has proved an *experimentum crucis*, which as yet has found all our designs



wanting. A *Sketch of a Cottage*, suggesting, in its simplest form, a system of iron framing filled in with slabs of clay that have been covered with porcelain and then glazed, and which, being of any tint, may introduce all the resources of colour into the building, (93,) by James Edmeston, jun., will attract much attention by its novelty. Mr. Sharpe's beautiful *Drawings Illustrative of his 'Seven Periods of Gothic Architecture'*, already noticed by us, are here exhibited (117-121). Mr. Falkener's *Corn Exchange* (139) is a very noble and appropriate building; and of two *Designs for Remodelling the National Gallery*, one by Henry B. Garling (166), is as praiseworthy, notwithstanding the heaviness of the central block, as that by R. H. Shout (140) is scattered and unmeaning. A *Warehouse at Manchester*, by E. Walters (153), is in every way a noble and characteristic building; and of almost equal merit are the *Club Chambers* (181) by Charles Gray.

In passing to copies of architectural subjects, we must place in the first rank the drawings of Mr. John P. Seddon, which combine unusual merits of effect and intense feeling with descriptive minuteness. Witness the *View of the Doge's Palace, Venice* (42), the splendid piece of colouring introduced into the *View of the Angle of St. Mark's Church* (162), and two exquisite sketches of *Constance Cathedral*, and the *Tower of St. Pierre, Caen* (141), and some other detached but highly characteristic fragments. The original drawings of Mr. Ruskin for *'The Stones of Venice'* (111, 112, 114, 124, 125, and 126), have been figured in that work with the most scrupulous exactness; but the readers of the book will be scarcely prepared for the minuteness, finish, and style of the originals, which will be viewed with the utmost curiosity by all who take interest in the opinions with which he is identified. Two drawings of *Lincoln*, with the spires, by Edward Willson, after F. C. Penrose's measurements (10 and 17), are pieces of surprising accuracy; as are also a *Design in the Renaissance style* (96), by Frederick Digweed; and especially *The Parker Monument*, Paignton Church, Devon (37), by W. H. Brakspear, a subject which is here restored as well as drawn; and *Collumpton Church* (74), by the same. The introduction of the figure in the former of these is a great flaw, being not only ugly in itself, but plainly impossible in point of situation, and giving false ideas of magnitude to the tomb. A restoration of the *Flavian Amphitheatre* (25a), by Robert Dudley, is excellent; and two drawings by Edward Falkner, of *A Tomb in Lycia* (77), and *A Mosque in Adrianople* (118), both of which appeared in last year's Academy, we welcome again with renewed pleasure. With the notice of some *Ancient Wooden Porches* (89), from original sketches by J. Drayton Wyatt, of great variety, and deserving study as specimens of picturesqueness in architecture, we must for the present conclude our notice of this Exhibition.

At the ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday evening, several portfolios of drawings were submitted to the inspection of the members. Some Views in Normandy, and elsewhere in the north of France, by Mr. Martin, elicited much admiration for judicious colour and pleasing treatment of objects near the foreground, rendered rich and interesting without profusion. Mr. David Cox, jun., had some remarkably clever drawings, often, however, exhibiting effects which are familiar to us in the works of his father—a circumstance which in no way detracts from the merits of his own, but from habit, perhaps, renders them less impressive than they else would be on the spectator. Mr. Bennett's studies of trees were remarkable for excellent arrangement of the subject as well as for finish in execution. The gradation of tints in Mr. H. Ellis' works, on similar subjects, is very admirable; through long vistas of forest the eye is conducted by a regular scale of decreasing tones; but the depth and masses of his foliage require the light of full day to relieve them from an apparent heaviness. A portfolio of foreign views, by Mr. F. Dillon, was interesting, as well from some peculiar architectural subjects and foreign

features generally, as from the careful and studied construction of many of the pieces. A collection by Mr. H. Bright, several interiors by Mr. Michael, and views, principally in Jersey, by Mr. W. W. Fenn, which were all inspected with much interest, complete the list of subjects exhibited for this evening's reunion.

The opening of the Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists at Paris has been postponed from the 15th of March to the 1st of April, when it will definitively take place. As usual, paintings, drawings, miniatures, engravings, lithographs, sculpture, architectural designs, and engravings on medals will be admitted. The reception of works will commence on the 16th of this month, and will continue to the 1st of March—not later. They must be sent free of expense to the Palais Royal, where the Exhibition is to be held. Foreigners are to be allowed to exhibit, and will be treated exactly the same as natives. Every work sent in must be accompanied by a written declaration of the artist's name and address, his place of birth and age, the name of the master under whom he studied, and a mention of the public recompenses (if any) he may have received. Copies will not be accepted, neither will anonymous works. Only three works of the same class by the same artist will be admitted. Works accepted cannot be removed until the closing of the Exhibition. Juries will decide on the admission or rejection of works, and these juries will consist of members nominated one half by the direction of the Museums and Fine Arts, the other half by the artists themselves. A grand medal, value 160*l.*, is to be given on the closing of the Exhibition to the author of the most remarkable production, and other medals are to be distributed to the most deserving artists, viz., 21 for painting, 12 for sculpture, 7 engraving and lithography, and 6 architecture. In addition, the juries are to draw up a list of the best paintings and other works to be purchased by the government. On the occasion of the last Exhibition at Paris we recommended English artists to send in works; and we now repeat that recommendation still more strongly. It is not by a mere figure of speech that Paris is called 'the capital of the arts'—it is so really and truly; and it is therefore an object of no small importance for Englishmen to make themselves known in it. Celebrity at Paris is celebrity all over Europe; whereas the fame gained by an artist at London rarely extends beyond the three kingdoms. There is perhaps not a royal or aristocratic patron of the arts on the continent, and certainly there is not one director of a public picture gallery who does not make a point of sending an agent to the Paris Exhibition; and there is not a lover of art anywhere, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, who does not, if prevented from visiting the Exhibition in person, read, at least, with the liveliest interest the critical accounts of it. Consequently, an artist's chances of fame and profit are infinitely greater at Paris than elsewhere. The Germans have become aware of this, and exhibit largely. The Americans are becoming aware of it too, and last year several of them exhibited. Let Englishmen do the same. Apart from personal advantage, they will thereby render a marked service to the English school of art; they will make it known and admired. At present, to speak the truth, it is not esteemed very highly on the continent; neither are the names of its most illustrious professors very widely spread. But this, we are convinced, is owing to the fact that it and they stop too much at home.

To encourage a charitable artistic association at Paris, many noblemen and gentlemen kindly lend paintings, by great masters, dead and living, from their galleries, to form a collection. There is now open, on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, an exhibition thus got up. Amongst the paintings are works of Prud'hon, Greuze, Philippe de Champagne, Delacroix, Raphael, Diaz, Bonington, &c. The idea is a good one, and might be adopted in England with advantage both to artists and public.

It is known that the ceilings, and oftentimes the

walls, of the principal public buildings in Paris are exquisitely ornamented with paintings by the most distinguished artists. Commissions have just been given to Messrs. Landelle, Tissier, Gigoux, and others, to decorate one of the principal *salles* of the Cour des Comptes with allegorical figures of 'Law,' 'Vigilance,' 'Production,' and 'Prudence.'

Turin journals announce the death of Serangeli, an artist of celebrity. He was born at Rome, in 1770, and became a pupil of the celebrated David. At an early age he distinguished himself by a painting in one of the annual exhibitions at Paris, and commissions of importance were given to him by the government. His principal works are—*Eurydice dying in the arms of Orpheus*, *Orpheus soliciting her release from the King of Hell*, *Sophocles pleading against his Sons*, a *Christ Crucified*, and the *Interview of the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit*. Of late years he confined himself principally to portrait-painting, and his skill as an historical painter declined in consequence.

We learn from Munich that the casting of the colossal statue of the Bavaria (modelled by Herr Brugger) has been successfully completed. Two hundred cwt. of metal were used for the figure, which is twenty-two feet high. It will form a group with four colossal lions, and will be placed on the 'Gate of Victory' at Munich.

The Munich papers mention a new *Cartoon*, by Kaulbach the painter. It represents Homer, and has been executed for the Berlin Museum.

#### MUSIC.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S reading of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, aided by the performance of the whole of the music composed for it by Mendelssohn, drew on Tuesday evening a numerous and fashionable audience to the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. The house was filled in every part, and Mrs. Kemble warmly greeted on entering. Her reading of this play is too well known to require more than a passing notice at our hands. It is no disparagement of Mrs. Kemble's powers when we say that her renderings of the female characters were by far the happiest portions of it. There was, unquestionably, considerable force and some humour in her conceptions of the hard-handed man of Athens; but she occasionally fell short of the effect she contemplated by her over-anxiety to produce it. As a whole, it was a vigorous, yet refined and highly intellectual effort, and well deserved the marked attention, as well as the genuine and hearty tokens of approbation, which it received throughout. It is with the music that our concern more immediately lies. The band, which was most ably conducted by Mr. Lucas, was, on this occasion, an excellent one, numbering some thirty or forty of the *élite* of the musical profession; and they gave the splendid overture, as well as the rest of the music, so far as they were concerned, admirably. But the theatre itself is not the best in the world for sound. There is too much upholstery and inequality of surface about it to allow of sufficient reverberation, and there was a consequent stringiness of quality in the orchestra, that was to some extent disadvantageous to the general effect of the music. 'The March' was played with great spirit, and heartily *encored*; but, owing probably to the cause just mentioned, the effect was nothing like so broad and grand as that which the band of the Life Guards produced when performing the same piece at Exeter Hall with wind instruments only. The music of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is now beyond the reach of criticism, and its gifted composer beyond the reach of censure or of praise. But, for ourselves, we confess that we never listen to the performance of it without feeling that, great and masterly as it is, how much greater it might have been had there been more of melody intertwined among it. We do not mean that cloying sweetness with which Bellini would, in all probability, have overlaid it. But that divine element which in Mozart welled forth in such rare profusion, but in which—treason though it may sound to say so—Mendelssohn was deficient; for the absence of which neither fancy, nor science,



nor artistic skill can ever make amends. All these latter qualities are developed in the work in question with boundless prodigality. The mighty musician has there let loose his fancy, revelled in his art, and wielded the vast resources at his command with a giant's power. But, save in the March alone, rhythmical melody is wanting throughout. We know, in saying this, we are treading on tender ground. But it is the truth. Mendelssohn, like Handel, seemed never so happy as when pursuing a given phrase, and, as it were, chasing it up and down the orchestra, taking a magician-like pleasure in showing into how many shapes he could transform it. It is impossible, while listening to the wondrous effect of his subtle and intricate instrumentation, not to be struck with this. It is this which makes imitations of Mendelssohn so utterly uninteresting and ineffective. Wanting in melody, and, at the same time, destitute of the poetic fire which in him all but redeemed the want, his imitators become mere mannerists, and their music little else than orderly confusion.

On Thursday night, the first of Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER's three *soirées* of Chamber Music was very fully attended at the New Beethoven Rooms. The pianoforte selections were Sebastian Bach's sonata in E major, pianoforte and violin; Beethoven's sonata in A flat major, op. 140; and Mozart's trio in G major, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Mr. Lindsay Sloper taking the pianoforte, and Messrs. Dando and Goodban the violin and violoncello. Nothing could be played better than were the first and last of these. The fine fugue that is worked up with such consummate skill in the allegro of the former, was given with masterly precision, and was warmly applauded. We have no fault to find with the performance of Beethoven's sonata; but we do not think that Mr. Lindsay Sloper is quite so at home in Beethoven as he is in Mozart. We cannot conceive a finer specimen of pure, graceful, and finished pianoforte playing than the mode in which the trio was given by him. Every note of every phrase was eloquent of the composer and of his intention. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played it as Mozart meant it should be played, and was most ably supported by Mr. Dando and Mr. Goodban. It was a perfect model of chamber playing. Miss Kate Loder played three duettinos, by Schumann, with Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and was much applauded. They were mere exercises, and not very interesting. Four studies of his own were also played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper in the course of the evening. They are excellent for practice. The last of them, No. 9, in B major, is extremely spirited, and was fully appreciated. The vocalists engaged were Miss Dolby and Miss Amy Dolby; the former has seldom been heard to greater advantage than she was on this occasion, in Handel's fine scena, 'Dall' ondosso periglio,' and the air that follows it, 'Aure deh per pietà.' The depth of feeling, and purity of intonation, and subdued pathos with which it was delivered, were thoroughly in character with the subject. The never-failing charm of Miss Dolby's singing is the repose of conscious power which she always exhibits. The hearer has only to hear and be satisfied. Miss Amy Dolby sang a rather trying duett of Mendelssohn's with her, very naively. There is something inexpressibly sweet and pleasing in this young lady's voice, especially in its higher notes. Miss Dolby's concluding song, 'The haughty steeds are neighing,' by Gounod—known as 'the hunting song,' from 'Songs of France,' was an admirable specimen of her powers in another style. It is a joyous melody, breathing the very soul of chivalry and wood-craft. The words are the best and healthiest we have come across for some time; they are said to be an imitation of the French. But let Mr. Chorley wear the honours of them, for they are fairly his. Miss Dolby was vociferously encored in it. It was altogether an excellent concert.

After the severe strictures in 'The Times' on the Drury Lane benefit for the families of the sufferers by the Amazon, we are surprised to see an advertisement for a concert in the Town Hall of Brighton, headed 'The Amazon Concert.' The local authorities, if not the musical manager,

should have prevented such an outrage on good taste and good feeling.

The principal event of the week at Paris has been the production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* at the Italian Theatre. Although the Parisians affect to laugh at the rapturous enthusiasm which his own countrymen feel for the great composer, and even at the fervent admiration of the English, they could not help being strongly moved by this grand and majestic opera. The musical execution of it was admirable, thanks to the able direction of M. Hiller, chief of the orchestra, who threw his whole soul into the work. Mdle. Cruvelli was *Leonora*, and she sang in turns with exquisite grace and effective power. Her acting was infinitely superior to what is generally seen on the Italian stage. The other parts were well filled, and the opera altogether appears likely to be a favourite this season.

There is a good deal of talk in the musical circles of Paris about the now evident determination of the management of the Grand Opera to exalt Gueymard, the new tenor, above Roger, the *chef de l'emploi*. We do not care to inquire whether this be caused by motives of personal feeling or pecuniary policy; but certain it is, that of late Gueymard has made a striking advance in public favour, whilst Roger, on account of the fatigue of his voice, has to a certain extent declined. Still it would be too much to assert that either the public or the professional circles are prepared all at once to see the former supplant the latter. It is at present doubtful which of the two will, as the French say, 'create' the principal part in Halévy's forthcoming *Juif Errant*. *En attendant*, Roger in the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots* continues to be greatly applauded; whilst Gueymard, as *William Tell*, though, as already stated, not at all equal to Duprez, gives promise of no mean excellence in an early future.

The management of the new Opéra National is indefatigable; almost every week there is a new opera. It seems desirous of domesticating in France the laughable musical buffooneries of the Italians; and though its success thus far has not been strikingly brilliant, it holds out reasonable hope of success. This week an extravaganza, called the *Mariage en l'air*, has been brought out. The libretto is by the Marseilles poet, Méry; the music by M. Déjazet, son of the popular actress. Of the 'poem' the less said the better; and of the music, all the commendation that can be given to it is, that it is sprightly.

The principal concert mentioned in our Paris letters is that of Mdle. Clauss. She executed on the piano, with exquisite grace and thrilling effect, selections from Thalberg, Chopin, Dreyshok, Bach, Beethoven, and Liszt. Madame Taccani-Tasca sang very charmingly airs of Bellini and Rhodde.

The company of Berlin chorists, who in the course of last year sang in London, have received the King of Prussia's orders for three grand concerts of vocal and instrumental music, in which eight sacred pieces of old and new masters are to be performed. Some of these pieces are stated to be Palestrina's *Kyrie* and *Agnus Dei*, two *Crucifixus*, by Lotti and Caldara, and a *Gloria* by Orlando Lasso. Herr Kontski, a composer and performer, of whom frequent and honourable mention is made in the German papers, has promised his co-operation.

The Leipzig 'Musical Gazette' says of Mr. Macfarren's opera of *Charles II.*, that it is "very melodious, but full of plagiarisms from the works of German composers." What if the reviewer were put to the proof? The two Dulkens have lately performed in a Court concert at Berlin. They were greatly and justly admired.

Gretzky's *Cœur de Lion* has of late been acted at Munich by a select company of actors, supported by a score of the most splendid horses from the king's stables. Mounted on these, the armed chevaliers produced a profound impression upon the public.

We learn from Moscow that Herr Gunzl, the Viennese composer and performer of waltzes, &c., has given his first concert in the Czar's theatre,

that his success was almost miraculous, and that the whole of Moscow is humming Herr Gunzl's waltzes and polkas.

Herr Naumann's last oratorio, *The Messenger of Peace*, has repeatedly been performed at Berlin, where it was well received. The last operatic novelties at Prague and Frankfort were the *Sengenses*, by Skraup, and *The Demon of Night*, by Rosenhain.

W. Bargiel, brother to Clara Schuman, has just published his second work, a nocturno for the pianoforte.

Advices from Madrid of the 16th ult. state that Mdle. Alboni has lately performed with distinguished success at the Teatro Real, and that the Spanish public have received her on her re-appearance among them with the most intense enthusiasm. Alboni's greatest success was in the *Figlia del Reggimento*.

Madame Sontag has been lately performing at Coblenz, Cologne, and Mentz.

#### PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

*Half-Hours with the Best Composers.* Arranged as Solos and Duets; with Accompaniments *ad lib.* By William Hutchins Callcott.

LIKE all Mr. Callcott's arrangements, distinguished not less by the fullness and fidelity, than by the masterly simplicity, with which the subjects are treated. The present number is devoted to Spohr, and contains three well-known *morceaux* from his operas, *Faust*, *Jessonda*, and *Azor and Zelmira*.

*The Dew Drop.* Valse. By Charles D'Albert.

*Faust.* Valse à deux temps. By the same.

M. CHARLES D'ALBERT's well-established reputation as a composer of light and elegant valse movements is abundantly sustained by both these productions—the former, especially, abounds with snatches of melody, very ably worked up.

*Marche Brillante.* By Osborne.

A GOOD companion for *La Pluie des Perles*, by the same author, and likely to rival it in popularity.

*Preciosa.* Valse. By Brinley Richards.

A VERY brilliant, and at the same time well written valse piece, greatly superior to the ordinary run of similar pieces of music.

*La Gracieuse.* Mazurka. By H. Bohrer.

WELL-NAMED, from the singularly graceful character which pervades it from beginning to end.

*Chanson sans paroles.* By the same.

NOT so successfully named as the preceding, but possessing considerable merit as an exercise.

T. Chappell.

*La Perle du Soir.* Carl Höchst.

Charles Stuart. Joseph Gunzl.

TWO very tasteful and effective sets of valse, with cornet accompaniment *ad lib.* to each. The illustrations are extremely elegant.

*The Mother's own Assistant at the Pianoforte.*

SIMPLY and practically useful for beginners. The airs selected as examples are mostly modern and popular.

Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

#### VOCAL.

*George Linley's First Singing Book.*

NONE should know better than Mr. George Linley what is required to make a good singer, enjoying, as he does, such extensive popularity as a writer, composer, and teacher of singing himself. This eminently practical little work will be found well calculated to form and develop the voice in beginners. His directions might have been better expressed.

*Little Gipsy Jane.* Charles W. Glover.

*My pretty Cot.* The Same.

A PAIR of extremely easy homely ballads; the former may be heard at several of the concerts of the day. Mr. Glover, as usual, has made the most of his materials. Both are pretty.

*One sweet unbroken Dream of Thee.* W. E. Ransford. Words by G. Linley.

THIS very pleasing song is modestly called a ballad; it is something more. George Linley, who can write so well, should have done better for it.



*Yes, thou art gone.* Written and arranged to a Russian melody. By Baylis Burton.  
VERY well done. The words are well written, and well suited to the melody, and the arrangement appropriate.

Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

### THE DRAMA.

ON Monday, Miss Helen Faucit once more held the audience of DRURY-LANE under the charm of her *Pauline*. It is now nearly a dozen years since she first, on those very boards, 'created' the part; and although since that time endless *Paulines* have coquetted, loved, been haughty, humbled, and finally raised from 'tear-wet earth' to the ecstasy of happy love—although every dramatic aspirant, and every old stager daring enough to play so juvenile a part, has tried to win the graces of a sympathetic audience, still, 'constant as the needle to the pole,' has that audience always pointed to Helen Faucit as the one *Pauline*. It is to her what *Norma* is to Grisi. The part is hers,—belongs to her by right divine of genius and sympathy. It may be thought to have a little over-elaboration here and there, and a languor of rhythm, but in tenderness, in haughty self-assertion gradually breaking down before the passion of love, in the insolence of beauty, youth, animal spirits, and subsequently in the storm and tempest of passion, when shipwrecked hopes are seen drifting past upon the resistless current of fate, when her wounded pride rises up against the ignoble blow that has been struck at it,—and struck too by the hand she most loves on earth; when, we say, the tragic intensity of the situation calls for a commensurate tragic intensity of execution, Helen Faucit shows herself to be unapproached upon our stage. The other parts were performed in dreary style, and the getting up of the play was equally dull and discreditably. The whole attraction was centered in Helen Faucit. The manager seemed to think that so long as the great actress was there (to fill his theatre and his treasury), the public ought to be content. *Ma femme et cinq poupées!*

A new farce, by Mr. Sterling Coyne, at the HAY-MARKET, called *A Duel in the Dark*, is a curious example of how tame ludicrous situations and comic dialogue may fall upon an audience, if the construction of the piece happen to be clumsy. We can scarcely recall a more artificially constructed farce. It is like the writing of a tyro. The 'fun' was both 'fast' and 'furious,' and the jokes were humorous; but the effect was of a perpetual 'hang-fire.' We hear, however, that the piece is much improved since the first night, and brings down roars of laughter. Buckstone, as a married man, with something of *Lordace* in him, aspires to the dignity of an 'aristocratic flirtation.' He is duped by his own wife—Mrs. Fitzwilliam—in the costume of a French countess, and together they arrive at the hotel in Dieppe. The perplexities and tremors which arise out of this position are numerous and farcical, though all of them have the disadvantage of antiquity. The parts were capitally acted, but we felt annoyed by Mrs. Fitzwilliam's impudent assumption of the dress of a swell gent in white ducks and wellingtons. We have had enough of her male assurance. It would be sufficiently unbecoming in a younger person with some pretension to figure. Had she dressed the representative husband in loose morning gown and slippers, and nightcap, the part would have been less offensive, and the situation more highly comic.

An interesting novelty has appeared at the MARIONETTE THEATRE in the form of an Italian grotesque *divertissement*, called *Arlechino Fortunato*, which is rife with the spirit of the ancient pantomime. Nothing can be more amusing than the tricks of *Pierrot*, or than the quaint movements of *Pantaloön*. The activity of *Arlechino*, and the grace of *Colombina*, are well sustained. The chief feature of this clever grotesque is a *Signor Saltarello*, who mimes wonderfully. The celerity of his movements rivals quicksilver, and his vaulting and bounding certainly eclipse any living pantomimist we have seen. *Arlechino Fortunato* has brought

crowded audiences to this elegant little theatre during the week.

The daily papers mention the death of Miss Annie Romer, a young and rising member of the theatrical profession, married about a twelvemonth since to the elder of the Messrs. Brough, the burlesque writers.

Two new melodramas and a couple of vaudevilles have been produced this week at Paris. Of the former, that which has made most noise is *La Poissarde*, at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin. In plot and dialogue it is one of the old school, and as such worth little. But it pleases the Parisians, because it exhibits with tolerable fidelity a specimen of the estimable class called, *Les dames de la halle, anglieè*, Billingsgate women. The vaudevilles are amusing; one at the Gymnase, *Un mari trop aimé*, shows wives that they must not carry their affectionate attentions to their lords to the extent of becoming a bore; the other, at the Vaudeville, unmercifully quizzes the disciples of Mrs. Bloomer, though Bloomerism is quite unknown *de visu* at Paris, the fair *Parisiennes* having far too much good taste ever to have thought of exhibiting themselves in uncouth semi-masculine garments.

A new three-act play in verse, *La Escuela del Matrimonio*, by Señor Breton de los Herreros, has lately met with great success at the Madrid Teatro del Drama. Señor M. Caneto, the critic of the 'Heraldo,' states that the new play produced a profound excitement, that it was acted four times in the first week, and that each succeeding triumph was greater than the former.

Herr Gutzkow's comedy, *Fremdes Glück* (Another's Happiness) has been acted at the Oldenburg theatre. It is considered to be the leading piece of the season.

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris Feb. 5th.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT'S formal reception as a Member of the Académie Française has taken place this day; and as an event of literary and political importance has excited extraordinary sensation. The *salle* of the Academy was thronged to excess by the *élite* of Parisian society, and hundreds who had obtained tickets were unable to secure admission. As usual on such occasions, the Count delivered an harangue, the text of which was the merits, real or supposed, of the deceased member to whose chair he succeeded,—but the burden of which was an exposition of the Count's opinions on things political, and things in general. As usual, also, one of the Academicians replied by a complimentary discourse to the new member, and it so chanced that the respondent was no less a personage than M. Guizot. These two distinguished men are what the French call 'eagles of eloquence,' and under any circumstance the liveliest interest would have been felt to see the two noble birds take an oratorical flight; but on this occasion it was immensely increased, by the fact that they are recognised chiefs of two different creeds in religion, the catholic and the protestant; of two hostile political parties, that of absolutism, and that of liberty; and of two contending schools in philosophy—one, which imposes authority on the mind of man, the other, which maintains his right to free examination.

It appears that Madame Sand has obtained permission to remain in France, albeit the Dictator had a peculiar temptation to exile her, first, on account of her well-known political opinions—next, because in so doing, he would have been imitating *mon oncle's* expatriation of Madame de Staël. But this concession to the lady must not be supposed a proof of any relenting towards the literary body generally. On the contrary, more newspaper men and more authors have been banished or arrested, and still more have been menaced with the same fate, in the event of their doing anything displeasing to the powers that be. The most noted newspaper scribe who has been sent away is M. Lireux, the theatrical critic of the 'Constitutionnel.' To justify his expulsion, it is

alleged that he fought at the barricades in December—a thing, by the way, he was *legally* justified in doing, seeing that the Constitution contained an article ordering French citizens to defend it, if violated, arms in hand; but the real reason is supposed to be, the rancorous sentiment entertained against him by the President, on account of his having, before his accession to the 'Constitutionnel,' most cruelly quizzed him in the 'Charivari,' of which he was the editor, and having dubbed his partisans with the now popular nickname of 'Ratapoil.' Ponsard, Augier, and some other dramatic authors and literary men, used their influence to serve Lireux, but without effect. Perhaps, however, if it had not been for them, he would have been, not simply exiled, but sent to Algeria or Cayenne. By the expatriation he loses a situation which, besides being one of the most enviable on the Paris press, gave him a fixed salary of 400*l.* a-year for very little work.

Lamartine, when plunged in the very thick of political strife, found time to commence a 'History of the Restoration,' to edit a daily newspaper, to write a bi-monthly political pamphlet, and to produce a monthly literary periodical. Now that he is deprived of political action, and debarred from political writing, it is to be expected that he will produce ten times more 'copy,' especially as he is in great want of money, and as all he writes, however trashy, sells by virtue of his great name. Already he has knocked off two more volumes of the history aforesaid, in one of which, by the way, there is a very graphic account of the battle of Waterloo, written apparently under the influence of a real admiration of the generalship of Wellington, and of the heroic bravery of our noble soldiers. And he has commenced the publication of a semi-literary semi-historical periodical, under the droll title of 'Le Civilisateur,'—as if the 'most civilised people on earth,' as the French like to call themselves, could possibly want the teaching of any *civilisator*. Besides this, the indefatigable man has numerous other literary projects on hand.

Another memoir writer! It is gravely stated that General Cavaignac is now engaged in preparing his 'Memoirs' for the press. Considering the lofty position he at one time occupied with so much honour, and from which he descended with the disinterested simplicity of an ancient Roman; considering also the important part he has played in public affairs, and the wide-extended celebrity his name has gained, he is better entitled to present memoirs to the public than nine-tenths of the conceited creatures who have done, are doing, or are preparing to do so. But for my part I will not believe that the stern General has taken pen in hand until his book shall be actually published.

The long and anxiously expected law on the press has not yet made its appearance, and it is not quite certain when it will do so. Newspaper writers and proprietors, authors and publishers, consequently, still continue in suspense—the poor scribes without employment—the others without occupation for their capital or industry. But it is said, on what is represented to be good authority, that the President-Prince-Dictator has graciously determined to be less severe in his treatment of literature and newspapers than he had originally intended. It is accordingly hoped that the former will be exempted from the censorship, and that authors will not be required to take out licenses for exercising their professions, and that as to journals and periodicals, they will neither be limited to five or six in number, nor be compelled to deposit enormous caution money.

What political advantages the existing French government could hope to gain from the partial or total stifling of the press and of literature it is difficult to conceive; and certain it is, that in addition to the intellectual darkness which such a measure would spread over the land, it would be in a commercial point of view a fearful loss to the nation. French authors, like French protestant manufacturers after the repeal of the edict of Nantes, would carry their talents and industry to foreign countries, and would enrich them. The exiling of Hugo, Dumas, and other eminent



writers, has already caused the Belgian publishers to attempt to secure their future services; indeed, Dumas, if not others also, has actually entered into contract with a Belgian firm.

Cologne, Feb. 3rd.

GERMAN literature, throughout the length and breadth of our country, is now so completely hampered by politics, that I shall not ask your pardon for the all but political tendency of this letter. It would appear that, especially since the French State Act of the 2nd December last, the thirty-two Princes that bless our country have directed their attention almost exclusively to literary matters, and great, beyond the conception of an Englishman, has been the dismay created by so profound a condescension. In Prussia the index of prohibited books is likely to swell up to the bulk of a respectable volume. The last addition to the list is the thirteenth volume of a re-issue of Gutzkow's works, containing 'Wally; or, the Sceptic,' to which are added Archdeacon Paulas' controversial pamphlets on the subject. You see, if the volume contains the poison of M. Gutzkow's younger years (for Wally is among the crudest conceptions of that very crude writer) it certainly contained the antidote too. The Prussian Government are of a different opinion, and their awkward zeal is rather derogatory than otherwise to the cause they pretend to espouse.

But the Prussian proceedings against Wally are almost harmless if compared to the late acts of the governments of Bavaria and Austria. In the former country, it appears that some person or persons unknown have been scandalized by the publication of a controversial novel which first appeared in England, and which an enterprising publisher at Weimar caused to be translated for the edification of the German public. I dare say you remember the horrible story of 'Maria Monk, the Black Nun,' the pet of Exeter Hall, and the fertile source of quotations for the benefit of provincial anti-papery meetings. This wretched Maria Monk, done into German, has been seized by the Bavarian authorities at Munich. As for Austria, not less than twenty-three books containing novels, poetry, history, and theological controversy, have within three days been prohibited by the military governor of Vienna. With respect to some of these books it is utterly impossible to conceive in what way they could provoke the apprehensions of a gentleman who has the comfort of having 80,000 bayonets and no end of 12 and 24-pounders within call. Still it appears that the military governor of Vienna (whoever he be) is bent upon making good Lord Palmerston's crack phrases of the omnipotence of ideas, for in spite of bayonets, pikes, cannon, and rocket batteries, he has thought proper to proscribe M. Zimmermann's 'History of the English Revolution,' (a collection of stray odds and ends from Macaulay), and Herr Falke's 'Hungarian Hero,' an epical episode of great sweetness and power, in which there is nothing to offend even the most nervous person, except a short dedication to M. Kossuth. Besides these there are two most harmless novels, and some revelations of the doings of the Spanish Inquisition. All those unlucky persons who are convicted of either buying or selling these works will have to suffer from the wrath of the military governor and his satellites. Two other works, 'Adam und Eva,' an idyllic poem by M. Hartmann, and 'A History of the Prussian Revolution,' may be sold conditionally. They are neither to be advertised in the public newspapers nor exhibited in the shop-windows.

These prohibitions of books are, after all, the beginning only of the end. More stringent edicts are likely to follow. Considerable misgivings agitate the minds of the publishers respecting Mr. Warburton's 'Darien,' a translation of which is now preparing, and which, you must be aware, gives by no means a flattering description of the doings of the Spanish Inquisition. Yet it appears that the Inquisition, such as it was, can boast of the special patronage of the German governments.

As for the new Prussian newspaper duty, it has

already been mentioned in your columns. But I doubt whether the bearings of the new act are duly appreciated in England. The papers are to be taxed according to size, and so high is the tax, that the 'Cologne Gazette,' for instance, will have to pay away two-fifths of the price of each number. Add to this the taxation imposed upon the papers in the shape of newspaper postage, and you will find that about three-fifths of the price of a single number is paid to the state. The total of duty which the government expects to realise by this vexatious taxation is about 120,000 thalers per annum, or about 18,000*l.*, and this sum is exacted at the risk of ruining the whole of the daily press.

But the new law does not stop there. Since the Prussian press is taxed, it must be protected. Accordingly, all foreign papers—that is to say, all papers printed out of Prussia, if imported into the kingdom, shall be subjected to the same taxation, and as some of the South German papers are ridiculously small, it is provided that in no instance shall the annual duty be less than two thalers. This minimum is to be put on when the size of the paper precludes all attempts at profitable taxation. But in the case of the English broadsheets you may be sure that the superficial area will be measured by square inches, and the paper taxed accordingly. The duty on a London morning paper, say 'The Times,' would be something like 3*d.* for each number, and as, in flagrant violation of the international treaty between England and Prussia, the postage of an English newspaper varies from 4*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* for a single number, according to the whim of the local post-office, the circulation of British newspapers will be effectually stopped throughout Prussia. I will make an account, and leave you to judge for yourself. A copy of 'The Times' costs 5*d.*; postage (according to treaty, one halfpenny) charged from 4*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*, medium charge, 9*d.*; newspaper duty, 3*d.*; total, 1*s.* 5*d.* If you consider how very small continental incomes generally are, you will understand that none but millionnaires will henceforward be able to read your journals. But whenever a London newspaper should happen to have the misfortune of being patronized by the Prussian government, the minimum amount of duty of two thalers (6*s.*) per annum would be imposed. Whether or not anything can be done on the part of Great Britain to defeat this attempt at exclusion, is a question worthy of the consideration of your legislature. But that your Postmaster-General ought to rouse himself from his lethargy, and enforce the terms of the postal convention between the two countries, is assuredly beyond question and doubt. He cannot plead ignorance, for I know that the matter has been repeatedly brought to his notice, without any other result than a polite but evasive answer, which does neither mean, nor is it good for, anything, and which seems to be an introduction into England of the renowned continental principle, "What is the use of treaties unless they be violated?"

#### VARIETIES.

The 'Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth' daughter of Frederic William I. of Prussia, are among the chief sources of the history of the German States during the last century. The revelations of the Princess, especially concerning the King of Prussia and his court, if true, are at least not flattering to the Prussian dynasty; and strenuous attempts have for many years past been making to represent the 'Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth' as a spurious work, concocted by the enemies of Prussia, for the express purpose of humiliating the descendants of Frederic William I. It so happened, that at the first publication of the book, in 1810, a rival edition was almost immediately given to the world in another part of Germany. The publishers of either book pretended to be in exclusive possession of the original MS. of the unfortunate Princess. These conflicting claims furnished the partisans of the court of Berlin with a very plausible pretext for doubting the genuineness of either. But of late, Dr. Pertz, of Berlin,

when engaged in collecting still further proofs of the 'literary imposition' practised by the editors of the two MSS., happened to stumble on the original autograph copy of the Princess among the books and papers of the Protonotarius Blanet, at Celle, in Hanover. Herr Blanet had the MS. from Dr. E. Spangenberg, of Celle, who died in 1833, and who bought it from Colonel Osten, who, in his turn, had received the MS. from Dr. Superville, physician to the Princess, to whom it had been presented by that lady. From a paper read by Dr. Pertz, to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, (Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams and Norgate,) it appears that, of the two existing editions, the one published at Brunswick, in 1810, is a copy, though not a faithful or complete one, of the original MS. This copy in particular wants several sheets. At all events, the question as to the genuineness of the 'Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth' is now completely set at rest; for although Dr. Pertz demonstrates at some length that many important phrases and parts of phrases are wanting in the Brunswick edition, he has not ventured to affirm that any phrases or statements have been added by the editor.

*Solar Spots.*—Captain Shea has just presented to the Astronomical Society a continuation of drawings of the solar spots observed during the past year, and of several phases of the last solar eclipse, with the times annexed. Capt. Shea is of opinion that the spots are bodies detached from the sun, and thinks that this view is supported by some of the phenomena witnessed during the eclipse. Mr. J. Turnbull presented also to the Society a series of drawings of the sun, observed between March and September, with a 2½-inch refractor of 45 power.

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30	1 1 8	1 2 7	2 5 5	2 0 7
40	1 5 0	1 6 9	3 0 7	2 14 10
50	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 6 8	4 0 11
60	3 2 4	3 17 0	6 12 9	6 0 10

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1806	2500	79 10 10	Extinguished. 1882 12 1
1811	1000	33 19 2	ditto 2360 5 6
1818	1000	34 16 10	ditto 8558 17 8

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total with additions, to be further increased.
		£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
521	1807	900	982 12 1	1882 12 1
1174	1810	1200	1160 5 6	2360 5 6
3392	1820	5000	3558 17 8	8558 17 8

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Age when Assured.	Sum Assured.	PREMIUMS PAID.		Bonus added.	Per centage on Premiums paid.
		Number.	Amount.		
	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
15	3000	6	315 0 0	164 16 8	52 6 6
25	5000	7	775 16 8	347 13 4	44 16 3
35	2500	6	431 17 6	183 18 0	42 11 8
45	2000	6	464 0 0	172 6 7	37 2 10

Annual Premium required for the Assurance of £100, for the whole term of life:—

Age.	Without Profits.		Age.	With Profits.	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
15	1 11 0	1 15 0	40	2 18 10	3 6 5
20	1 13 10	1 19 3	50	4 0 9	4 10 7
30	2 4 0	2 10 4	60	6 1 0	6 7 4

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